

























## Board of Editors

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# Freshman Year



## Class Officers

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## Offices Held by the Class

*Representative on May Day Committee*—FRANCES BROWNE.

The elections that were held in the spring of 1906 will be found in Sophomore Year.



## Calendar of Freshman Year

- October 2—First Class Meeting.
- October 3—College Opened; Rush Night.
- October 6—Christian Union Reception.
- October 14—1907 Reception to 1909.
- October 18—Trophy Club Reception.
- October 20—Senior Reception.
- October 26—President Thomas's Reception.
- November 4—Sophomore Play: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
- November 4—Self-Government Conference.
- November 7-14—Class Hockey Games.
- November 9—Lantern Night.
- November 10—Sophomore Dance.
- November 17—Banner Presentation, *The Princess*.
- November 20—Lecture by Mrs. Craigie on Balzac.
- November 25—Hockey Dance, 1907 and '09 to 1908 and '06.
- December 12—New Merit Law announced.
- December 16—Freshman Dance to the Sophomores.
- December 21—Glee Club sang Christmas Carols.
- January 22—Mrs. Kelley spoke at Consumers' League.
- January 29-February 12—Midyears.
- March 4—Swimming Contest, won by 1909.
- March 6—Low Buildings Fire.
- March 7—Track Finals, won by 1908.
- March 22—Debate in Chapel.
- April 21—Glee Club Concert.
- May 1—May Day Fête.
- May 8-18—Basket-Ball Match Games.
- May 11—Class Supper.
- May 12—Junior-Senior Supper, *David Copperfield*.
- May 22-June 2—Finals.
- June 3—Dr. Van Dyke preached Baccalaureate Sermon.
- June 7—Commencement; Speaker, President Alderman.



## Rush Rights

(IT'S ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.)

The day I remember the best, tra la,  
Is one that I love to recall,  
When all of us loudly professed, tra la,  
A desire to rush On through the Hall.  
They told you to march two abreast, tra la,  
So you clutched someone's shoulders with zest, tra la,  
Yelling words that are ever unguessed, tra la,  
(As the girl they were pinned to was tall.)

The Sophomores made such a roar, tra la,  
That you couldn't hear yourself croak.  
They taunted with posters and gore, tra la,  
Missing no innuendo or joke.  
You dreaded each stairway and door, tra la,  
You seldom put foot to the floor, tra la,  
And the Sophomores, fearing to bore, tra la,  
In your ear noises queer would poke.

When we got to the Arch of our Dream, tra la,  
We were scarlet, untidy, and hoarse.  
I have heard "things are Not what they Seem," tra la,  
So I guess that nobody used force.  
"Miss" Maltby emerged from the stream, tra la,  
And helped us to scream as a team, tra la,  
And finding that We were the Cream, TRA LA,  
We got stuck on ourselves, of course.



Next year we were right on the spot, tra la,  
With many a gobble-un hoot  
We made the environment hot, tra la,  
And mewed, till we mewed ourselves mute.  
Explained, as a class, what was what, tra la,  
Retailed the advice we had got, tra la,  
And whether they liked it or not, tra la,  
Threw in some suggestions to boot.

Then soon with a jubilant yowl, tra la,  
We encouraged the Babes on their way,  
And the Critics remarked with a scowl, tra la,  
Every Junior (and dog) has his day.  
And I heard the collegiate owl, tra la,  
(A most economical fowl), tra la,  
Say "They're squandering many a joule, tra la,  
If I know anything about they."

But with our advance in years, tra la,  
We have had to grow tactful and tame,  
And describe by mere ladylike cheers, tra la,  
Our love of this boisterous game.  
As we cheer for the gay little Dears, tra la,  
In voices bedewed with tears, tra la,  
Incredible though it appears, tra la,  
We are jealous, but are we to blame?

DOROTHY CHILD.



## Two Gentlemen of Verona

What is there in the world like seeing one's first college play? Nothing. It is an unique experience. The first we beheld, as a class, in Bryn Mawr, was 1908's Sophomore Play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and it burst upon our wondering Freshman sight as a Vision of Perfection. That it was Shakespeare was impressive enough in itself; add further that it was romance and that the hero and heroine were Emily Fox and Myra Elliott, and the spell is cast. It was light and color to our eyes—from Lucetta's yellow silk house gown to the rich browns and russets of Julia's forest disguise; from Silvia's pansy-colored velvets and satins to Valentine's lilac-and-yellow brocade. It was music to our ears—from the soft notes of the Silvia serenade to the laughter of Launce and Speed. The scenery was wonderful, the staging was flawless, the rendering of the lines was sublime. Miss Thomas informed us later in chapel that in this play Shakespeare was not at his best. Well, if so, 1908 more than made up his deficiencies. Let others criticise. To us it remains inviolable, "beyond the touch of earthly years."

PLEASAUNCE BAKER.



## Banner Night

When Banner Night arrived we knew only vaguely what to expect, except that we were to receive our proud banner, glowing already with the hereditary fame of the Red. But 1907, with its tutelary wisdom, saw fit to enhance the occasion with the jolliest of shows. When first we burst into the gym (for in those good old days there were no gradual and lingering arrivals; enthusiasm banked us deep against the back door, half an hour early), when first we streamed in, we found ourselves in the midst of a Country Fair that was simply buzzing with rural and fakir life. There were jugglers and fortune-tellers, freaks and celebrities of all kinds—even including Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. There were booths for cider and apples, peanuts and doughnuts; racimose clusters of balloons; grab-bags with clever presents and cleverest rhymes—all the delights peculiar to a country fair, and many more peculiar to 1907.

Then suddenly we found ourselves seated in orderly rows — and the fair had melted like magic into a play. "The Princess" was our first experience of an original show, and of 1907's powers of burlesque. There is nothing like burlesque when it is produced by Tink's pen and interpreted by Eunice's acting. In our paroxysms of merriment and applause, we forgot everything, even to hold onto our prizes, and silently one by one, in the distant gymnasium rafters, blossomed our bright balloons, the fragments of the Juniors.

After the curtains had closed on the sealed fate of the Princess, there came an expectant silence, and when they parted again it was to disclose to our eyes for the first time our great Red Banner,—the banner which we've watched fondly ever since and are watching still, as it shrinks and fades, growing more enhanced with romance year by year.

PLEASAUCE BAKER.









## May Day

The May Day Fête, arriving in accordance with the well-ordered cycle of the Bryn Mawr universe, found our class in its first irresponsible months of college life when all things alike look rosy. It is no worthy tribute to May Day, therefore, that we liked it immensely and that it holds for most of us, since we have forgotten our weariness and our trials, memories quaintly colored with romance.

Of course there were some chosen spirits whose dramatic ability was early discovered, and who were made to flinch in every Freshman sensibility while being coached into rôles of Elizabethan brilliancy; and others, responsible characters, who bore on their shoulders the burdens of management. But for the most part we danced and wound garlands with care-free hearts, enjoying only the pleasanter aspects of the preparations for May Day. Even one long, nagging day of rehearsal did not daunt us, and in the evening we danced like elves in the cool moonlight to the music of our own tinkling bells.

But soon after the beautiful, fair dawn of the first of May, we began to be annoyed by the arrival of relatives, who came in large numbers, and with characteristic promptness, to condole with us because we were distractedly busy. But with the conviction that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, we set mothers and aunts to sewing bells on our caps and pleating our ruffles, while all available fathers and brothers were lured to the battlements of the towers, from which, at the peril of their lives, they were induced to hang out banners at the encouragement of dairy-maids, court ladies, and clowns below.

Besides these difficulties we had trials even harder to bear; the amiable cupids began to remonstrate that the sun had an evil, blistering effect on their necks, which, after all, their ambrosial locks left but poorly protected; then for the first time it oc-



curred to Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth that it would be unconvincing for both to appear at the same pageant, and they put their crowned heads together to solve the anachronism. After the difficulty was removed by the simple plan of converting the picturesque queen into a portrait of herself, the royal train in heavy brocades ascended to a conspicuous parapet, where they might see and be seen to the greatest possible advantage. They made the ascent with the aid of an uncertain ladder and a muscular workman to assist the last dizzy steps at the top, only to find themselves completely extinguished behind the battlements they had scaled with such peril to life and "properties." Then there was some difficulty about the chimney sweeps, who complained naïvely that they simply couldn't make themselves look ugly even by applying smudges of soot to their faces—an opinion with which the well-meaning newspapers of the next morning agreed.

Our real disillusionment began, however, when we saw the soft, white lambs, which, with the courage of our ignorance, we had imagined could be led about by silken cords, or guided with graceful crooks and which we had pictured as adding the last exquisite touches to an Arcadian scene. At last they arrived. But they proved to be the most unlamblike of creatures—large, dirty, grey sheep, each with a mind of his own, and an ingrained antipathy to parade or ostentation of any sort. When they were despoised on the campus in the midst of a crowd of observers, they all, to a sheep, trotted off towards Radnor, divining that there at least they might find seclusion.

All this was disillusioning, and by the time the procession began and we found ourselves with determined smiles advancing in rather forced capers between lines of spectators, where an occasional familiar face had power to put one into an agony of self-consciousness, we were for a time quite blinded to the romance of the situation. But when the plays began, we forgot to do anything but try to please an appreciative audience. Then, even the abandoned looking Morrice-dancers felt the gravity of the situation. Whenever there was a lull in a play, this motley troop was called for and came jingling over the green, dodging amused faculty and friends, just in time to catch the last words of their cue—

"Some entertainment, ho! Strike up the Morrice dance!"

at which they ran on the stage and went through the dance to its last unearthly yell.

Even the most troublesome details of that day are pleasant to think of now, and one is apt to linger too long over the time when Merrie England came to Bryn Mawr.

ELEANOR BARTHOLOMEW.



## Freshman Class Supper

Freshman year had rather failed to fulfil all the story-book ideals of college life, throughout; and as the winter progressed, the dread anticipation of Finals, mingled with horrible recollections of Midyears, was with us constantly. But by the time the violets appeared, the excitement of our first class supper blotted out every other thought.

The violets played a very important part in it all, for we wandered about the country in groups of threes and fours, gathering thousands of them. By evening-time, our excitement was roused to a point that sustained us even through the long delay in Pembroke, while the lines were forming to march into the dining-room. The great square of tables was beautiful with the violets and some dogwood; and great branches of wild azalea, found by some lucky person, completed the decorations. And the combination place-cards and programs were wonderful, whereon our phoenix made its first formal appearance; and each card bore a rhyme in the warm personal vein. But the walls were lined with upper-classmen! I, for one, did not even glance at my own beautifully gowned classmates, so horrified was I at sight of all those others. However, thanks to those who created Bryn Mawr tradition, the onlookers stayed only long enough to hear the clever opening speech of Margaret Ames, and, as the last intruder disappeared, the room resounded to the deafening rhythm of the "butchers' chorus." For an endless time we pounded, until, unable to move our arms any longer, we leaned back and shrieked with pure unrestrained joy.

From then on we laughed happily through a whole series of brilliant speeches and witty toasts, and we sang our few little songs with all the enthusiasm that our hoarse voices could muster. Unsuspected genius appeared on all sides, and seriousness and fun were skillfully combined from the first response, given by Georgina Biddle on the subject of the "Freshman play that was never produced," to "The



Class of 1909," by Olive Maltby. The existence of college apart from ourselves was gracefully recognized in Florence Ballin's speech on "Traditions," and the pleasing witticism of "The May Day Fête," and "The Fate of May Day at the Hands of the Reporters." But for the most part, it was 1909 in which we were interested, and every accomplishment of the class was lingered over and in every phase: there were humorous "statistics" by Janet Van Hise, dealing especially with our use of the *Ladies' Home Journal*; and there was recognition of our athletics, our standard, our future, and our animal. To each one of us it was evident, even at this early time, what a remarkable class was ours—that this fact was to remain hidden for some time to come, did not enter our minds.

It was the thought of belonging to such a class that brought the catch of happiness to our voices when, after Barbara Spofford's "Farewell to the Departing Ones," we sang our class song just for ourselves. One foot was on the table as we sang it, and our arms locked all the way around the room to form the long swaying line that moved in time to the music. We even forgot to realise, just then, that this was what the story-books had promised.

LILLIAN J. LASER.







## Freshman Year Athletics

### Hockey

#### Team

L. Smith  
A. Whitney  
B. Ehlers  
M. Nearing  
M. Jenks  
A. Platt

M. Egan  
O. Maltby  
C. Goodale  
F. Ballin  
J. Storrs, Captain

1906 vs. 1909—3-1  
1906 vs. 1909—7-0  
1907 vs. 1908—4-9

1907 vs. 1908—2-6  
1906 vs. 1908—6-2  
1906 vs. 1908—4-1

#### Varsity

E. White, '06  
G. Wade, '06  
L. Ford, '06  
M. Richardson, '06  
G. Hill, '07  
C. Woerishoffer, '07

E. Williams, '07  
E. White, '06  
G. Hutchins, '07  
J. Hewett, '06  
A. Vauclain, '07  
M. Rawson, '06

Varsity Sub from 1909, J. Storrs

### Track Meet

#### Captains

A. Lauterbach, '06  
I. Richter, '08

C. Woerishoffer, '07  
M. Nearing, '09

Rope climb—A. Platt,  $12\frac{3}{8}$ s, first place, record broken.

Standing high jump—G. Biddle, 3 ft. 5 in.

Standing vault—C. Wesson, 4 ft. 5 in.

1908 won with  $49\frac{1}{4}$  points

1909 made  $34\frac{1}{4}$  points.



## Swimming

### *Captains*

C. Woerishoffer, '07

I. Richter, '08

K. Goodale, '09

Underwater swim won by Pleasaunce Baker—45 ft. record broken.  
Dive for form won by Anna Platt.  
Plunge for distance won by Anna Platt.  
Meet won by 1909 with 23 points.

## Basket Ball

### *Team*

M. Belleville

E. Brown

I. Goodnow

A. Miller

M. Egan

L. Smith

J. Storrs

O. Maltby

Captain, A. Platt

1907 vs. 1909—4-4

1907 vs. 1909—5-2

1907 vs. 1909—3-13

1906 vs. 1907—7-3

1907 vs. 1909—7-3

### *Varsity*

E. Harrington, '06

A. Neall, '06

M. Houghton, '06

E. White, '06

M. Richardson, '06

A. Lauterbach, '06

G. Wade, '06

E. Sweet, '07

Captain, J. Hewitt, '06

Subs from 1909, M. Egan, A. Platt, J. Storrs







Sophomore Year



## Class Officers

*President*—FRANCES BROWNE.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—ALTA STEVENS.

*Secretary*—EVELYN HOLT.

## Offices Held by the Class

*Self-Government Association—Advisory Board*, FRANCES BROWNE, CATHARINE GOODALE.

*Undergraduate Association—Assistant Treasurer*, EDITH BROWN.

*Christian Union—Secretary*, EVELYN HOLT.

*League for the Service of Christ—Treasurer*, CAROLINE MINOR.

*Athletic Association—Vice-President and Treasurer*, ANNA PLATT.

*College Settlement Chapter—Elector*, KATHARINE GILBERT ECOB.

*Conference Committee*—ANNA PLATT.

*Glee Club—Business Manager*, EVELYN HOLT.

*Sunday Evening Meeting Committee*—CARLIE MINOR and FRANCES BROWNE.

*Students' Building Committee*—MAY EGAN, SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*Consumers' League—Secretary*, MARY LACY VAN WAGENEN.

*Grocery Shop—Manager*, MAY PUTNAM; *Accountant*, ANNIE WHITNEY.

*Chess Club—Vice-President*, MARCET HALDEMAN.

*Lantern—Assistant Business Manager*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*Tipyn o' Bob—Editors*, CARLIE MINOR, MARY NEARING, MARIANNE MOORE.

## Scholarships

*James E. Rhoads*—Edith Adair.

*Maria Hopper*—Elise Donaldson.



## Calendar of Sophomore Year

- October 4—College opened.  
November 5-December 7—Hockey Match Games.  
November 8—Lantern Night.  
November 9—*Masks and Faces*.  
November 10—Sophomore Dance to 1910, *Pyramus and Thisbe*.  
November 16—Banner Night; *The Amazons*.  
December 14—Chapel Debate between 1907 and '08.  
January 10—Swimming Contest, won by 1907.  
January 19—Midyear Dance, 1907 and '09.  
January 23-February 6—Midyears.  
February 20—Ian Maclaren spoke on *A Scholar's Tribute to Christ*.  
March 7—Final Track Meet, won by 1908.  
March 15—Freshman Show, *Alice at Bryn Mawr*.  
March 25—Gymnasium Contest.  
April 8—Thomas Wentworth Higginson gave the Founder's Lecture on Whittier.  
April 19—*Under Two Flags*, 1907 to '08.  
April 20—Glee Club Concert.  
April 26—*Ivanhoe the Eleventh*.  
May 1—May Day Celebration.  
May 7-20—Basket-Ball Match Games.  
May 9—Mrs. Parks spoke on Woman Suffrage.  
May 11—Public Performance of Junior-Senior Supper Play, *La Princesse Lointaine*.  
May 16—Meeting of Colonial Dames.  
May 17—Class Supper.  
May 18—Picnic to 1908, Mr. Gilbert Murray's lecture.  
May 22-June 1—Finals.  
June 1—*The Tempest*, given by the Ben Greet Players.  
June 2—Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers preached the Baccalaureate Sermon.  
June 3—Olympic Games.  
June 6—Commencement; Speaker, Ambassador Bryce.







## Sophomore Play

Sophomore Play stands out in my mind as an heroic attempt to prove that a Freshman show isn't a necessary preliminary to a finished Sophomore production. It was the first play 1909 had ever had, apart from our small share in May-Day, and we started to draw up elaborate plans with all the enthusiasm of the ignorant. And almost immediately we came to grief. We had decided to give the worthy, never neglected *School for Scandal*, but after the parts had all been cast, we found that some obscure past class had shone in those self-same parts. Then, when the committee was scattered all over the United States, Pleasaunce Baker in Florida, Carlie Minor in Virginia, Mary Nearing and Judith Boyer in Pennsylvania, and I in Chicago, we started to work again. Letters fairly flew about, always crossing, and apparently often being quite lost in the marshes of Grasmere. In sheer despair, we finally decided that the *Lady of Lyons* might be built up around Mary Nearing as our Claude Melnotte. But tiring of that play even before we had the parts learned, much less rehearsed, we refused to inflict 1910 with what we ourselves were bored with, and so at the first class meeting of the fall, we voted to give *Masks and Faces*.

Work commenced in all departments. In rehearsals, Mr. King, in his usual custom, made love to the inkspots, and fervently embraced chairs, assuring Pleasaunce the while that it was evident she had never been in love. Immaculate in his dress suit one night, he tried to persuade Mary Herr that she should have a cape on which to fall while she was learning the art of graceful, easy fainting, as demonstrated by him. But Mary, persistently careless of her white dress, refused, until someone more thoughtful of Mr. King's clothes, provided the cape. When rehearsals weren't in progress, we flew to the basement of Rockefeller where Florence Ballin was painting a path under an arch with result so peculiar that someone asked if it were meant to be the class animal. It was Margaret Vickery, however, who earned the undying gratitude of the class for she crouched on the stage during one whole act, supporting unseen the portrait, which still glistened with fresh oil.

But in spite of all the troubles, 1909 still thinks of Sophomore Play with a cheerful smile, for it was there that we learned the joy of working as a class.

GERTRUDE CONGDON.



## Sophomore Lantern Night

Lantern Night in the Cloister! My feelings on the subject can never be quite coherent nor can I find any one who is able to express an even and collected sentiment in regard to it. A confused series of pictures stands out in my memory in connection with the "business" of giving the Lantern Night ceremony in the cloisters, and the most striking characteristic of each is the coldness and greyness of the atmosphere. I have a dull impression that "morning's at seven", but "is all right with the world?" I rather doubt it as certain expressive and highly colored words ring in my ears, coming in muffled tones from the pillow of some unfortunate classmate whose door I have been vigorously pounding for the last five minutes. Soon I see myself rattling and banging at the immovable library door. A few bleary-eyed and shivering ones come to my assistance, but in vain. At last, with great deliberation a key is turned in the lock on the inside and we all fall in upon the sullenly non-committal janitor. We were very unused to the library in those days, and the expression of its warder did not help to make us feel more at home. How dark and endless the corridors were! Could we ever remember which turn led where? And why was it that those all-important doors leading out into the cloister were put in such an obviously unseeable corner? Passing out from the shadowy corridors I seem to see three of us sitting in the cloister, tensely balancing on the rim of the fountain. Everything is perfectly quiet. We don't even breathe—we are *listening!* Suddenly an awful gurgling explosion bursts out behind us with a spurt and a splash. We jump in a frenzy of fear, sure that all the cold water is about to rise and overwhelm us and add to our shivering misery. Then one of us explains in a weary tone, "It's only the fountain, which starts spouting at eight." Again we listen. A dull echo reaches our ears, then another, and still another sounds, they crowd upon each other in confusion, echoing and re-echoing through the hollow corridors. We strain our ears to make tune, words, anything out of the gathering hubbub. *Toos-liknous!* "Was that a word?" "The third verse?" "Only the fountain splashing!" "I hear them!" We brighten, but only for an instant. Could this be our beloved *Pallas* and sung by the class of 1909, who had learned it with such pains and were to sing it more perfectly than any preceding class? Discord upon discord rumbled along the plastered walls. Would nothing stop them? Suddenly each file of hearty singers burst forth from its door, beaming, triumphant, having threaded the gloomy



intricacy of those passages successfully. But quickly the smiles passed, the innocent attempts at harmony died on their lips, black looks gave place to a babel of accusation. "You went entirely too fast!" "I knew you wouldn't keep up to time!" "Who flatted so dreadfully?" etc., etc. This was the climax we three had been listening for—and it was only the first of many. Sometimes the praises of the goddess were croaked hoarsely from under rows and rows of black umbrellas bobbing sleepily in response to the spluttering rain. A crowd of umbrellas herded into the most charming of cloisters is enough to stifle romance—but, though sleepy, we were unquenchable! As the dreaded day drew nearer we lost all pride in our secrecy, at any hour of the day, preferably meal time, the Chosen Few would be seen dashing over to the library, pacing the corridors, mumbling the words absorbedly, nervously counting the syllables over and over again. We knew every shadow and twist in the dark corridors, we could find the hidden doors with our eyes shut, we could even find the switch which turned out the cloister lamps without first darkening the stack room completely and causing a panic among its burrowing inmates. The precious sod in the cloister was trodden into smooth little paths, showing how straight our lines could march. Everything was perfect except for one item—the two lines marching through the library had never been able to strike the same syllable and the same key as they crossed those two miserable thresholds. 1907 encouraged, 1908 jeered, 1910 looked distrustful. We were almost despairing. Was this, the first united effort of our class, to be an absolute failure? I became savage as I watched the lines pass by. "Shut up! Don't you know you can't carry a tune?" "What made you take such a cold? Didn't I tell you to wear rubbers when it rained?" "Why don't you eat your breakfast before you come out? No one can sing on an empty stomach!" For all such remarks may I be forgiven! Finally the night arrived. Of course we didn't eat any supper, and of course there was a general scurry for matches to all the seven corners of the earth, and equally of course the lanterns were stacked in Radnor basement, although the line formed at Pembroke! However, as soon as we had started all such things were as naught. The spell of the night and the song were upon us. We, 1909, were alone on the dark, friendly campus, singing its dearest hymn. It was our moment and we felt and responded to its possibilities. Distant at first, then strong and clear arose the song and sounded in perfect harmony as the two lines crossed their thresholds. We were not surprised. For the first time we knew ourselves, for the first time we *knew* the Spirit of 1909.

FRANCES BROWNE.







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In Memoriam

David Irons

January 23d, 1907

Professor of Philosophy

at Bryn Mawr College

1900-1907

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## The Library

I visited thet there library  
I've heerd so much about  
Thet Rockefeller tried to build,  
An' the students helped him out.

Wal, I've ben to see the circus  
And the penitentiary,  
But I tell yer they ain't in it  
With thet Bryn Mawr library.

My arm ain't what it used ter be,  
But after I hed tried  
Fer full five minit with thet door,  
I made my way inside.

I clumb the stairs and jest wuz set  
To push another door,  
When someone shoved it inside out,—  
An' then I knew no more.

When I come to, I found myself  
Sot in a leathern chair,  
When suddently I come to think  
My overcoat warn't there.

A purty gal they called "Miss Mudge"  
Came up to me an' cried,  
"Ef you shud want thet overcoat,  
You'll find it jest outside!"

An' then she guv a fearful glare,—  
An' 'fore I knew what for,  
She grabbed my brand-new fountain pen  
An' hustled for the door.



Wal! I wuz jest about to up  
An' chase thet there Miss Mudge  
When sech a thund'rin noise I heerd  
I downright couldn't budge.

Then up spoke some-un at my side,  
A gal with slick black hair,  
"Don't be afeerd, it's jest some-un  
Who's cast a stony stare!"

Wal! fer them as likes sech goin's on,  
Thet library's O. K.;  
But our Oat Centre readin' room  
Suits me best any day.

They say thet sharks infest the place,  
And some-un there told me  
Thet all them gret strong healthy gals  
Works hard to get A Bee.

The resarve-room gals wuz sweet-like,  
But kinder haughty, too.  
The fire place wuz genteel,  
But I swan it had no flue.

An' I bet thet there big picter  
Of a right nice lookin' soul  
Wuz jest hung up to hide a crack,  
Or worser yet, a hole.

The place wuz so deceivin' like,  
I 'umbly snuck away,  
An' left my pen and Sunday coat,  
What will Mirandy say?

ELEANOR CLIFTON.



## Ivanhoe

An original show! For at least two minutes 1909 sat mute and overpowered at the prospect;—then, true to its motto, and with its unfailing resourcefulness in difficult situations, it rose up and moved that the chair appoint a committee. That done, it went to the Pike, happy in the consciousness of a hard duty done.

A few days later two Sophomores sat looking despairingly at each other across a dilapidated quiz-book. Hopeless ambition at the feet of genius triumphant. It was the manuscript of 1907's *Eureka*.

Shirley (gloomily)—“Did you ever hear anything so clever as that dialogue?”

Mary (dolefully)—“No. There's a pun on almost every page. Just listen to this joke!”

Shirley (shuddering)—“Don't. I can't bear it. They're too funny.”

Mary (on the verge of tears)—“And Peggy Ayer said she didn't consider it very good!”

Shirley—“And she wrote it, too. Do you suppose she will say what she thinks about ours?”

(Quick curtain.)

At last, however, with *Ivanhoe* as a solid foundation, and a garnishing of so-called college hits, the plot was elaborately constructed. With the easy nonchalance of amateurs we had cast our production with sixteen star parts and twenty odd minor ones, with a chorus or two and the usual number of ladies, retainers, etc.; so, when the suggestion came from the President that it would be advisable to have only seven rehearsals and not more than ten speaking parts, we were in a quandary. However, “their's not to make reply” and while Mary Rand and Mary Herr clamoured at the door for directions for scenery and costumes, the committee began lopping off heads until we had the cast down to eleven. Here we came to a dead standstill.

“Couldn't we manage to leave out *Ivanhoe*?”

“No!” (emphatically from Mary, who has her eye on that part.)



"Why can't Front-de-Bœuf and Rebecca be the same person?" asks one of the committee.

"It would ruin the effect of the scene where he makes love to her," some one observes acidly.

Suddenly there came the true inspiration. Why not have a silent hero?

We acted on the suggestion at once and soon evolved the "wandering voice," to which Marcet gave quite a mystic air of unreality. In the main, however, our aim was toward realism, for which witness Cock eating bread and milk, and the row of flames that rose up like the back of a porpoise at the first mention of fire, and the general and genuine bloodshed that ended the tournament.

Whatever *Ivanhoe* lacked, and we are willing to concede that it may have had faults, there was no lack of enthusiasm on both sides of the footlights, which is the chief reason why we look back upon it as one of our best plays.

MARY NEARING.



## Quizzes or Why Everygirl Left Home

Professor:—How will you have your quiz—dropped or scrambled?  
Witty Student:—Friday, please.

Grand Uproar:—Oh, no, can't we have it { Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Saturday  
Sunday, etc. } because

we have a quiz in { Bi.  
Policon  
King  
Dutch  
etc. } and it counts

{  $\frac{1}{4}$   
 $\frac{1}{3}$   
 $\frac{1}{2}$   
etc. } of the course.—etc., etc., ad infinitum.

The controversy having been decided in such a way as to please no one, the eve of the Judgment Day rolls around, and even those who struggled most strenuously and talked themselves breathless to secure a week of unsullied grace and proper preparation, have let that week go by *cum lab et sine labore*.

(Since I am in doubt as to whether to use the egotistical "I", the impersonal "one", the vulgar "you", or the editorial "we", I shall take the typical doubtfully diligent student and call her Everygirl or "she".

Everygirl cuts dinner of course, and begins at 6.30 to cram madly—not food this time, but notes. "Mighty-mouthed inventor of (not hominy, but) harmony."



With clear brain she unravels the labyrinthine intricacies of even her most obscure and mutilated notes, but this ideal state is not for long. After dinner Everyother-girl comes in "just for a minute"—and till midnight she whirls in a medley of gossip, the Universe, and hockey. By this time her mind is in the maudlin state of "Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw", and under such conditions she decides to do the whole course in fifteen minutes and go to bed. At that moment she comes upon such notes as these:—

"... Napoleon se,  $\wedge$  grst. man of  $\wedge$  cent., tho at  $H_2O$  loo = overcome by sup. nos. sine — — — ? — — What time are the water polo games tonight? 8.29 and 59 9-10 seconds per order Georgina. — — — —. Help! woman over-bored! I think the clock is going counter-clockwise!" or:—

" $\wedge$  inventn of  $\wedge$  Spinning Jenny caused Indust. Rev. — 9999 — — ad  $\infty$  men thrown out of employt — — — —. (More statistics of maximum dullness and minimum importance.)

R. R. Freight Rates—

— — — — ? ? ? — — !! — — (important notes here—copy from H. Sprague-smith) — — —

Classification of rates

(a). Shoes, butter, perfumery, washboilers not nested.

(b). Washboilers nested and pig-in-slab. — — — No poss. opp. for pop. natnl. gov. to poss. grad. income tax bec. this bec. indirect and Fed. gov. direct tax only prop. to pop. Ltd."

In too much of a muddle to solve these unfathomable mysteries, she goes to bed, her head ringing with "Fed. gov. dir. tax prop. to pop." But there she finds no rest. She remembered that one class, after cramming Burke from cover to cover, was asked to write on *Hats*, and accordingly she began to dream. The most impossible questions crowded in upon her, from Fizzis, Foolosophy, the many-sided Polygon, applied statistics and all the dolors of the rainbow.

"What is the difference between a migration of æsthetic monads and a migration of athletic nomads?" and one from Biologiterature:—

"Compare the development of the hen's egg as you have studied it in the laboratory with (a) the Lays of Ancient Rome, (b) the Lay of the Last Minstrel. What has this to do with the feuds between the Roman laity and clergy?"

What shall she do? All the information lately culled from her notes has shrunk to a meaningless phrase—"Prop. to pop.," and she has forgotten how to bluff. "O



tempora, O mores!" The scene of the dream changes, and she is about to go into Taylor to take her quiz. She feels herself drawn in between the Scylla-take-a-chance and Charybdis-cut-and-flunk, and something whispers—

"Stop here or gently pass,  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain."

No, that's not right!

"Stop here and gently pass,  
Alone she cuts and boards the train."

But who cares? "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all ye know, and all ye need to know." And, having come to such a satisfactory conclusion, she turns over and prepares to sleep the deep and dreamless sleep of an antediluvian boulder. But not this time, my friend. You have forgotten that "monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens"—the alarm clock. There arises "a roar as from some great king's artillery," mighty and everlasting "in the white dawn clear. And though we hardly see, we feel that it is there."

She leaps up with fast beating heart and, being an optimist, thanks her stars that she did not, as one member of our glorious class did, go to bed at 11.30 p. m. and set the alarm for 12.30 the next morning—with immediate and almost fatal results. For an hour more she puzzles over "prop. to pop." and the rest, then dons her quizzical expression and plods up the stairs of Taylor against 40 atmospheres and gravitation. When she reaches the door, she finds it shut—the quiz has begun.

"The books are here, the books are there  
The books are all around,  
And books mast-high approach the sky  
Like brick-bats in a mound."

"Palely loitering" outside the door, clutching Skinty's tabs in one hand and Gizzy's private reading notes in the other, she suddenly realizes that ten facts in hand are worth two in the head, and her courage fails, the only fact in her head being "prop. to pop." The Charybdis of her dream comes back to her. It is Friday, and bats are in order. As she turns and leaps down the steps, she mourns that

"Alone she cuts and boards the train."

Always Effectually Procrastinating  
(ANNA E. PLATT, *nom de plume*.)



## Alice at Bryn Mawr

1910's "*Alice at Bryn Mawr*" was our first experience of a Freshman show. It is part of our luck that our first view of almost every type of Bryn Mawr play should be from the excellent and honorable vantage point of the parquet floor. The "adventures" were delightful indeed from any point of view; the atmosphere was so collegiate and at the same time so Alician that we can't remember now which phase we laughed at most—was it Charlotte Simmonds, or the Cheshire Cat? Was it the Dormouse or Anita? Was it the Mad Hatter, or the Lantern Editor, or Peggy James? Was it Father Williams, or Mother Williams, or the Red Ants? Well, it doesn't matter, so long as we laughed. 1909 never forgets when it has had a good time.

PLEASAUNCE BAKER.



## Sophomore Class Supper

Sophomore year, being safely ended after only a few falls to the score of that assurance born at our first class supper, we were not so much in need of the consolation of the violets as we had been the year before. Indeed, the committee on decorations had all it could do to drive a few conscientious souls to get flowers of any kind. We were all very busy that spring, though quite as care free as befitted Sophomores. Class supper seemed a pleasant diversion, and we were all very eager for the time of its arrival. A few jaded Juniors, busy over something of much greater importance, laughed at our eagerness and told us that Sophomore Supper was always a bore, since it lacked the novelty of Freshman year, had none of the thrill of Junior-Senior Supper, nor the tenseness of the last Senior gathering. We smiled acquiescence and supposed—out loud—that they were right; but all the time we knew that we were 1909, and a 1909 supper would naturally be different.

And it seemed just like the first one! We grumbled at having to wait so long in line; we started the "Butchers' Chorus" even before the doors were closed upon us; and again there were clever toasts and witty speeches. Emily Lawrence, as toastmistress, made things go with smoothness, and the class genius displayed itself anew—this time in verse. Eleanor Clifton's description of the library was a joy, and Cock Maurice rhymed the horrors of "Room-drawing" until we were convulsed; athletics, having assumed new importance, were carefully dealt with by Platty and Edith Brown; and the recently enlarged proportions of our dramatics were discussed by Mary Nearing. Everyone who knew of some especial phase of class matters told of it—even to exposing our scandal, as Scrap Ecob did in telling of "Our Late Yellow Journal."

But for some reason the supper was over rather sooner than we had expected. Just before the end Pleasaunce Baker offered a toast to 1911 in which she outlined our grown-up duties and bade us use the methods of 1907, but it was still quite early when Frances Browne made the final speech and drank to 1909. When we stood upon the chairs to sing, our voices were quite clear and steady; our arms were locked a bit more firmly, perhaps, than they had been before; and this time we remembered the story-books and smiled as we sang. We stood still a moment after "Thou Gracious Inspiration," then we jumped down, still smiling. Sophomore Supper had not been very exciting. Sophomore year was over, and we had just discovered that there wasn't anything particularly wonderful about our class after all; but that night we had found that above all we were a class.

L. J. LASER.





### Daisy Picking or La Belle Dame Sans Merci

In the gray dawning, two tumbrils rumbled away from the Infirmary—into the great daisy-pied unknown. The eight or ten dishevelled creatures in them did not know that they were tumbrils, and we thought it was from cold that we shivered. Dumped out into the dank wayside weeds, we gripped shrivelled white clumps in the manner described to us by those who had learned, counting the cost in digits, and drove our rusty sickles through the leathery stems. There were 1907 and 1911 among us, and now and then we caught a glimpse of green skirt on a distant hillside, and, more from instinct than from any exuberance of spirit, we cheered hoarsely. We sang, too—as one can sing, wet to the knees and breakfastless.

Toward six o'clock, when the last cartload was almost ready, Shirley glanced appreciatively around and exclaimed, "Oh, if some grown person could see us now, we are so picturesque!" Lo! down the road came a run-about, and out stepped a female form. She made signs to a sheepish-looking driver, who manœuvred toward our wagon, then she bore down upon us. We smiled a greeting, modest but strong in unconscious innocence.

"Who gave you permission to come into these fields?" Her manner was estranging, but one answered confidently:

"The owner said we might take the daisies."

An ominous color spread over our interlocutress' face.

"Do you know who I am?" We hadn't an idea.

"I am Miss Vaux. I own these fields, and I never would have given you permission to destroy my hay."



Awkward pause.

"We were just picking out the daisies, and I thought it made the hay better to take them out."

"*Better!* Do you think my cows will eat this hay after you have been tramping through it?"

"We are awfully sorry, but we really thought the man knew, and if you would send us a bill for any damages—"

"No, I shall not send you a bill. I will send it to your President—I went to school with her—and let her know how you behave. Suppose that I should go to your dormitory and tell the maid that I was going to take your books away in a cart."

"But she wouldn't say that you could"—ignored.

"And don't you know that the women of the future depend on the Bryn Mawr women of the present? If you had come in the daytime, and asked to pick some daisies—but you come sneaking in with wagons at night"—

"We don't want to come at night"—ignored—

"And wake the neighborhood screaming"—

Why had I tried to sing? I had felt so sylvan!

In the meantime the shrewder members of our group had evaded the blushing coachman and made unobtrusively off with our last load—so we edged gradually homeward, and left our neighbor an irate Nicolette among the daisies.

A correspondence school was opened that morning, we hope profitably; (having assisted at the opening exercises, we felt a personal interest in it) but not until we voted \$20 indemnity, and it was at last negotiated, did the Vaux Parcis spread its olive branches over us, and did we pensively roam those glades, where so many of our number, untimely fallen, had once stretched.

MAY PUTNAM.



## 1907's Commencement Week

1909 thinks that 1907's Commencement Week was at least as exciting to it as to them. We felt the weight of nations upon us then, if never before. Sympathy has been called an unnecessary emotion, but I am sure half our enjoyment would have been lost if we had not been feverishly aware of all the emotions of the graduating class.

We wriggled contentedly at Baccalaureate Sermon at being in seats instead of on tiptoe on English desks or curled up on the theme box, as in Freshman year. We were thrilled by the procession which had so many false starts that expectation outran realization in the choir, and *Ancient of Days* rang out thirteen times before all were in place.

Olympic games came Monday afternoon, to the satisfaction of two years' curiosity. It rained, but 1907 were game, so we romped in and about the Gulph road brook, climbed trees for elusive souvenirs, had fortunes told, and ran all sorts of races. Poor Emma Sweet and I were tied together in a one-legged dash, in which each sprinted in an opposite direction till we fell sprawling and howling into the mud. Then Esther and Bunny Brownell wheeled Hilda Sprague-Smith and me in uncertain barrows at breakneck speed, we scratching frantically at the edges of our vehicles for hold. For said Marathon exercises we wore green fillets which ran with rain, bathing our faces loyally with our Seniors' color.

Bonfire night was a glorious twinkle and clink of lanterns. Eunice as the Great Round World received with wit and dignity an entertaining collection of 1907 characters and stunts. The handing down of *Little Boy Blue*, *Juba*, and *Amo* made us grieve sincerely for the passing of the class.

College Breakfast was really our business of the week. How hard we tried to install a toastmistress! Poor Barbara, and May Egan were all bowed by the blight, and even Cock was borne very late and half-fainting in to officiate nobly and amusingly at the breakfast. 1907 was neatly sandwiched in between 1909, "our own idea," and our relish in cheering *cantar* with them we hope was equalled only by theirs in *erka*. The thunderstorm came as a dramatic illustration of Pleasaunce's toast, and as an electrical inspiration to the rest.

Most of us saw Garden Party from afar, timid before hordes of the extraneous, but occasionally brought up to meet a 1907 mother who "had heard about" one. At the transference of the cups, Frances Browne, having carefully prepared a speech with which to accept them from 1907, only to find that Esther was bestowing them in precisely the same words, was struck dumb with emotion and received them with



impressive simplicity. With the last 1907 singing on the steps, and our own heart-felt "Golden Glow," we felt all too keenly that 1907 was nearing the end of its undergraduate career.

1907's Commencement morning, before breakfast: "Then wake me early, Warden dear," as we slipped out in the cold, grey dawn to cut, bind, and sort daisies, according as we were skilled or unskilled labor. Tink and Margaret Augur insisted on working, too, 1908 were lavish in material, and Merion sent no welcome draughts of coffee. The rope seemed to grow by inches, but we were delighted to find how far around chapel it actually reached.

1907's Commencement morning, after breakfast: it was confusion let loose, apparently for the express purpose of confounding 1909 marshals and ushers. Can't you just see Frances Browne in full flight everywhere, Shirley clubbing her division with baton-less but determined hands, and Margaret Vick debating how far she might lose her temper over the faculty. Up-stairs, ushers were conscientiously trying to give all 1907 parents front seats. I was at the door, endeavouring to prevent unscrupulous aunts from offering green tickets, and to assure them that the back room was the grand stand par excellence. So 1907 were graduated, at least we saw them get their degrees, and Virginia Hill her fellowship, after five minutes' clandestine correspondence with Dr. Wheeler on how to wear her hood, but, during Mr. Bryce's address, Shirley, on the marshal's rack, vacantly staring into the ecstatic faces of 1907, was suddenly conscious that they were turning horrifiedly toward her right. On looking down she saw Scrappy slumbering sonorously in a niche between two chairs. Shirley hastily prodded her with her baton, at which, however, Scrap beamed, murmured a "Gosh my dear," and straightway fell asleep again. In the rear hall the ushers, like mowed corn, lay as they had dropped.

MILDRED PRESSINGER.

### College Breakfast

Early in June, I think on the third day,  
The Sophomores, all in their fine array,  
Bid welcome to the splendid Senior line  
To feast at breakfast board with 1909.  
In every other seat the Seniors sat  
To listen to the alternate Sophomores' chat.  
And many a table, filled with honored guests  
All graduates here; at whose behests



Were placed together side by side in pairs  
Old chums, who gossiped of their own affairs.  
Girls dressed in white stood by at every door  
And asked each noble guest for ten cents more.  
The caterer had 'phoned an hour ago  
That food had risen; prices must do so.  
At last when all were seated for the fun  
A hush was heard; down shone the sun  
And through the door, gowned in a filmy dress  
Stepped E. Maurice, our brilliant toast-mistress.  
In the long line of toasters she came last;  
Two candidates to other realms had passed.  
Loud claps were heard at once on every side  
And cheers re-echoed cheers to greet our pride.  
She took her place where every one could see  
And raised her hand for silence—and for tea.  
Her voice rang out aloud in that old gym  
To show the Senior class our love and vim.  
Loud laughter answered, hits on all.  
And one by one our toast-mistress did call  
On tenth reunionists, on fifth and third  
To bring back days of old and what occurred.  
Some sang songs of yore and told with glee  
What happened when they were only twenty-three.  
Some prophesied the future would be fine  
Great glories by nineteen and ninety-nine.  
The Seniors' anxious eyes strained towards the sky  
To query 'bout the weather, wet or dry;  
For Garden Party, soon to come about,  
Might have to go inside; 'twas hoped—without.  
At last dessert was brought into the room;  
'Twas found one-half the ice-cream plates had gone.  
The waiters claimed that devilish maids that day  
Had stolen the dessert from off their tray.  
To overlook this crime that had been made  
Cock Maurice said "serve up cold lemonade."  
And every class with voices raised to heaven  
Arose to drink long life to 1907.

ALTA C. STEVENS.



## Sophomore Year Athletics

### Tennis

Class Championships won by 1907.

#### Team

M. Belleville

A. Platt

A. Whitney

Class Champion, A. Whitney

### Hockey

#### Team

M. Nearing

B. Ehlers

A. Platt

O. Maltby

C. Goodale

1909 vs. 1910—6-2

1909 vs. 1910—5-1

E. Holt

A. Whitney

M. Egan

F. Ballin

E. Brown, Captain

1907 vs. 1909—4-3

1907 vs. 1909—7-2

#### Varsity

C. Woerishoffer, '07

G. Hutchins, '07

G. Hill, '07

L. Sharpless, '08

E. Daw, '07

A. Hawkins, '07

J. Morris, '08

T. Helburn, '08

H. Schmidt, '08

M. Plaisted, '08

E. Williams, '07, Captain

Subs from 1909, F. Ballin, M. Egan, E. Brown.

### Swimming

#### Captains

C. Woerishoffer, '07

C. Goodale, '09

Dive won by A. Platt

Plunge for distance won by C. Goodale

M. Young, '08

C. Deming, '10



## Track Meet

### Captains

C. Woerishoffer, '07

J. Griffith, '08

K. Ecob, '09

K. Rotan, '10

Rope climb won by A. Platt, 12 1-5 s., record broken.

Hop, step, jump won by A. Platt, 20 ft. 10 in., record broken.

Fence vault won by C. Wesson, 4 ft. 6 in.

Ring high jump won by A. Platt, 7 ft. 4 in.

Individual points won by A. Platt, 28.

Meet won by 1908, 52½ points. 1909, 44½ points.

## Basket Ball

### Team

E. Brown

M. Belleville

I. Goodnow

M. Egan

K. Ecob

C. Wesson

O. Maltby

F. Ballin

M. Nearing

A. Platt, Captain

1909 vs. 1910—8-6

1908 vs. 1909—15-6

1909 vs. 1910—1-4

1908 vs. 1909—10-2

1909 vs. 1910—11-5

### Varsity

M. Plaisted, '08

H. Cadbury, '08

L. Sharpless, '08

E. Brown, '09

E. Williams, '07

G. Hill, '07

J. Morris, '08

G. Hutchins, '07, Captain

Sub from 1909, M. Belleville

## Gymnastic Contest

1909 vs. 1910

Won by 1909—118-92.

Marching tactics, managed by I. Goodnow.

Barbell drill, managed by E. Brown.

Indian clubs, managed by F. Ballin.

Wand drill, managed by E. Holt.

Apparatus, managed by C. Wesson.







# Junior Year



## Class Officers

*President*—PLEASAUNCE BAKER.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—ALTA C. STEVENS.

*Secretary*—HELEN CRANE.

## Offices Held by the Class

*Self-Government Association—Executive Board*, FRANCES BROWNE, MAY PUTNAM (resigned), CATHARINE GOODALE; *Treasurer*, LEONE ROBINSON; *Secretary*, CELESTE WEBB.

*Undergraduate Association—Vice-President and Treasurer*, HELEN CRANE; *Secretary*, MARY NEARING.

*Christian Union—Treasurer*, MAY PUTNAM (resigned), ALTA STEVENS.

*League for the Service of Christ—Secretary*, CARLIE MINOR.

*Athletic Association—Secretary*, ANNA PLATT; *Outdoor Manager*, CYNTHIA WESSON.

*College Settlement Chapter—Elector*, KATHARINE G. ECOB, GEORGINA BIDDLE; *Treasurer*, EDITH ADAIR.

*Equal Suffrage League—Vice-President and Treasurer*—KATHARINE G. ECOB.

*Consumers' League—Vice-President and Treasurer*, LACY VAN WAGENEN.

*Sunday Evening Meeting Committee*—CARLIE MINOR, MARY NEARING.

*Philosophical Club—Vice-President*, CYNTHIA WESSON; *Secretary*, BARBARA SPOFFORD.

*Law Club—President*, BARBARA SPOFFORD; *Secretary*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*English Club*—SHIRLEY PUTNAM, PLEASAUNCE BAKER.

*Glee Club—Business Manager*, EVELYN HOLT.

*Mandolin Club—Leader*, GRACE WOOLDRIDGE; *Business Manager*, GERTRUDE CONGDON.

*Trophy Club—Secretary*, MARY HERR; *Treasurer*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*Science Club—Secretary*, MAY PUTNAM.

*German Club—Vice-President and Treasurer*, BERTHA EHLERS.

*Oriental Club—Secretary*, HELEN BROWN.

*Lantern—Assistant Editor*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM; *Assistant Business Manager*, GRACE WOOLDRIDGE.

*Tipyn o' Bob—Assistant Editors*, MARY NEARING (resigned), CARLIE MINOR (resigned), PLEASAUNCE BAKER, MARIANNE MOORE and SHIRLEY PUTNAM; *Assistant Business Manager*, ELEANOR BARTHOLOMEW; *Treasurer*, ELEANOR CLIFTON.



## Calendar of Junior Year

October 1—Freshman Class Meeting  
October 17—Mr. Fullerton spoke on Henry James at an English Club Meeting.  
November 1—Sophomore Play, *Love's Labours Lost*.  
November 11—December 11—Hockey Match Games.  
November 15—Banner Presentation, *Patience*.  
November 22—Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson on *Why I Went to Prison*.  
December 3—Mr. Roger Fry of the Metropolitan Museum lectured.  
January 10 and 17—Swimming Contests, won by 1909.  
January 22—February 1—Midyears.  
February 14—Week-end Conference.  
February 28—Chapel Debate, 1908 vs. 1909.  
March 11—Final Track Meet, won by 1909.  
March 15—Miss Jane Addams lectured in the Chapel.  
March 23—Fellowship Dinner.  
March 28—Hockey Show to 1908 and '10, *Siegfried*.  
April 11—*Bataille des Dames*, 1908 to 1909.  
May 1—May Day Celebration.  
May 2—Glee Club Concert.  
May 4—Basket-Ball Match Games.  
May 9—*The Importance of Being Earnest*, 1910 to 1908.  
May 15—Junior-Senior Supper, *Romeo and Juliet*.  
May 16—Two Public Performances.  
May 19-30—Finals.  
May 31—Baccalaureate Sermon by Hugh Black.  
June 1—Mock Class Supper.  
June 4—Commencement; Speaker, President Hadley.

## Scholarships

James E. Rhoads—Ruth Wade.



## 1911's Introduction to Bryn Mawr

Some wise old German has said, "We learn to swim in winter and to skate in summer," thus epitomizing the great psychological fact that brain cells do most of their work when you are not paying any attention to them. So, at any rate, 1909 learned to be Juniors,—if they ever learned at all—in the summer, and returned to college with a feeling for the Freshmen which was as yet quite uninspired by them. Full of theoretical enthusiasm, we rushed about, and received our first blow on perceiving that the Freshmen were unable to distinguish us from 1910. One frenzied Freshman in Radnor, unmoved by cogent reasoning or emotional appeal, was at last reduced to submission with the magic name of Cynthia Wesson who "had been at college ever so long, and so I suppose she's not a Sophomore." We urged Cynthia to tell the potential proselyte the same facts about the meeting and suggest her attending the same.

Our plans for Freshman class meeting were ambitions—nothing less than to hustle the innocents up Rockefeller Tower, and then, before the baffled eyes of 1910, to conduct a rousing cheer. To that end some of us agreed to hold the Tower if well stocked with supper, and 1911 was on no account to cut dinner or to stray off the campus. Our Juniors had initiated us with all the handicaps of precedent, and we would not disgrace them. But 1910 patrolled the grounds and posted guards at every door; we had a hand-to-hand scuffle with them on the stairs of the Tower, from which one of us emerged scratched and dusty to tell a panting group in Leone Robinson's room that it was a case of "catch who catch can." I don't think any crisis ever seemed as vital as that one. Here it was half-past six, the place agreed upon good for nothing, and 1910 absolutely everywhere. It had to be an individual matter, for there was no time to tell the class, and someone thought of Lillian Laser's room in Merion which was being papered, and not supposed to be occupied. Pleasaunce and I each undertook to have a given number of Freshmen there by quarter to seven, and in the very teeth of 1910 lounging about the dining-room doors, we sauntered upstairs with our chosen few, they wearing that "what have I done?" look that never comes off for the first week, and we, calm with the inevitableness of the last throw. We got the Freshmen—several over the required number—into Lillian's bedroom, taught them a cheer amid suppressed hushings,



and then, when dinner was over, when we positively heard footsteps on the gravel outside, in stentorian tones we elected Florence Wyman chairman, and burst into a cheer which, had it but the wings of desire, would have thrilled the placid stones of Rockefeller itself. "Out of the jaws of death," was the feeling of 1909 in regard to 1911's class meeting, and I think the perils of that first undertaking gave us a feeling for our Freshmen which no prosperity could have engendered.

BARBARA SPOFFORD.







## Patience from the Point of View of the Orchestra

The only word that would describe those first two rehearsals, the only word, that is, which would be both adequate and not too bitter, is the word "mess." The caste was large and limber, but it was willing. The stage was small. The orchestra, too, was small, but it was wiry, and Gertrude was there. It is true that for a time it seemed that the chattering mob of future maidens and dragoons must baffle even Gertrude, yet as early as the third rehearsal a change was noticeable. The caste was still there, still large and limber, still willing, but it had a different bearing, an indefinable assurance of manner, which certainly did not come from an accurate knowledge of its songs. It had mastered something—something far more important than music—it had learned not to fall off the stage. There was no denying that this was an advantage—Alta especially felt the dignity of addressing faces instead of a shrinking row of necks, craned backwards at every motion of the chorus, to locate the edge of the platform.

The rest of the rehearsals—not counting the special classes for backward students—were very much alike except for variations in the length of the disputes as to the arrangement of maidens and dragoons in the given space. We nearly always began at the beginning and worked our way slowly forward. Then the chorus would balk at the finale to Act I. The chorus didn't like the music and the orchestra couldn't play it. As a matter of fact, nobody liked the music, but the chorus always made the fuss because there were a lot of them and they could make the biggest row. Once the orchestra made a scene. It closed some ill-tempered remarks about the hopeless inertia of a chorus with the irritated exclamation:

"When I hit G, you come in on B, *quick!*"

Then Gertrude in calm, business-like tones, "Scrappie, you keep a bar ahead of them, and that will keep them up to time." For a wonder we all saw the joke, and after that we attacked the finale to Act I in a more pleasant spirit. Then one night in glancing through the score, somebody noticed Act II, and there was a panic. When



the uproar was quieted, however, it was discovered that, after all, the situation was not as bad as it might be. The chorus was eager for new worlds to conquer; the orchestra, by making occasional suggestions to gain time, and by judicious omissions, was able to keep up with the pace; and Alt and Gertrude said they knew it was there all the time. No one was deceived by their assertions, however, and the discoverer of the second act got the credit she deserved.

The night of the performance dawned, clear and cold. There was less confusion behind the scenes than we had expected because on one side of the stage, the dragoons, in a depressed-looking but faithful little group, were keeping order so that Frances Browne and Mary Rand could concentrate on their duet, which everyone agreed required their attention; while on the other side, the maidens in a line such as we see outside of dining-room doors, were arranging each other's fillets with the feverish but dumb haste that belongs to heroism. Then the alarm was given, the orchestra filed into its place, and the opera began. We were all so sure that the Is-Not-This-Ridiculous Chorus would make a hit, that none of us thought of worrying about the success of the first act, and it really did go off without any serious mistakes. Occasionally an agonized whisper from a solo-singer about to enter would terrify the orchestra for a moment, but when it caught the words "Give me my note *loud*" heedless of the distress of others, it would proceed on its even and unaccented path and show no favoritism. Suddenly a tremor ran through the ranks. Mary Rand was about to sing a solo. The conductor became so nervous that she was hardly able to collect her forces to begin the prelude. Mary with a chorus depending on her was one thing, but Mary *per se*, free to skip, to improvise, to repeat, was another. The orchestra, feeling itself at the mercy of blind chance, prepared to do anything—except to follow the score. And Mary—no doubt to keep up her reputation for variety in song—followed the score. There always was an element of surprise about Mary.

At the beginning of the second act destruction again seemed imminent. Just as the opening chords of the first chorus were about to thrill the house, a searching whisper from Alt reached the orchestra, "Begin on page 48." The conductor, stammering protest and inquiry, hurried after her, but she was lost in a maze of shifting scenery, and the orchestra, scandalized, uncomprehending, rebellious, but recognizing the tone of authority, turned back its music to repeat. Page 48, how-

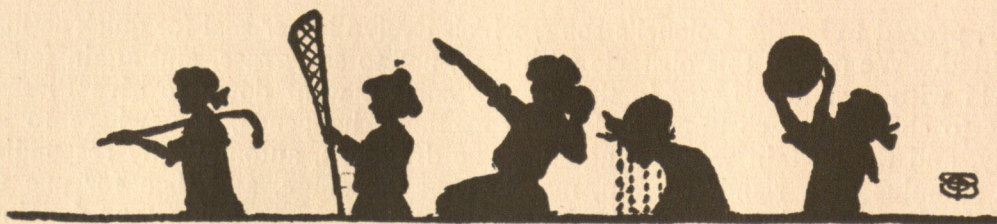


ever, proved to be the Colonel's song, which Evelyn in her zeal for quick action had omitted. We passed this obstacle with ease, not to say grace, and again faced the world with a smile. Later in the act the curtain went down to give Pleasaunce time to change her costume, and then something happened, somewhere to somebody, and the curtain went up again. The dragoons, automatically responding to the stimulus of a rising curtain, marched on the stage, and then for one whole awful minute nothing happened. There was no music, no talking, no dancing, no hero—nothing. The dragoons fidgeted painfully and those near the entrances were on the point of leading an orderly retreat when Alt hastily intercepted them, sent a rush order to the orchestra and another downstairs to Pleas, with the result that the curtain remained up, the dragoons remained on the stage, the music began and Pleas entered. Only a few saw Carlie Minor finish dressing her, and we hope that fewer still heard the words that those standing near Pleas heard.

But the best part of all was the grand finale. There were such a lot of people on the stage that each one felt secure in the belief that she couldn't be the goat with so many others to choose from. There was no danger of being heard when out of tune, nor of being seen when dressed awry. It was a wonderful sensation. The only thing that marred the pleasure of it was the thought of the terrible struggle to come, for at a stormy class meeting we had decided that only white clothes were to appear on the stage during the banner presentation, and there was half the class dressed in all the shades of the spectrum. Accordingly, as soon as the curtain went down on the last of *Patience*, there was turmoil while the caste made the necessary changes in costume. No doubt the audience called this interval a pause, but no one back of the scenes thought of it as that. Finally the victors in the race reassembled on the stage, and the curtain went up again—this time on a rather more serious group. We sang our banner song to 1911, and then Pleasaunce made a short speech as she presented the banner, which was accepted with an enthusiasm satisfactory even to us. I think we all felt, as we left the gymnasium after the class songs, that we had had a wonderful time, and that 1911 was the finest class that had ever been in college.

KATHARINE GILBERT ECOB.





## Athletics

At first sight my subject seems to be a very large one; but Basket-ball and Hockey are indulged in by such a quantity of people, who talk so much about them, and so many meetings of the Athletic Association are held for the sole purpose of discussing them, that these games have really become quite trite. And, therefore, in spite of the fact that the title of my paper is "Athletics," I feel sure, dear reader, that you are with me in spirit when I cast aside such \*Plattitudes with a single motion of my large (but shapely) hand. (I may also add, in confidence, that after striving personally for two consecutive seasons in Hockey, I was unable to attain even that degree of prominence which is included in a membership of the third team.) Incidentally our team—our First Team—was defeated those years by 1908, and then by 1910. Now, if our class had only kept their eyes open when I was playing . . . but that is another story. For reasons very similar, I prefer not to talk about Basket-Ball.

My subject, therefore, is narrowed down to track, swimming, lacrosse, and some informal "stand-on-your-head" meets held behind the tea house in the moonlight while waiting till our shirred egg and chocolate should grow cold. To be consistently illogical I will begin with the last and explain that, though no cup for individual points has yet been presented, nor prizes of any kinds awarded, we feel, as a class, that Miss Platt's performances deserve a *summa cum laude* mention, and Miss Wesson's a *magna cum laude*. (I am sure of these facts because I have them from Miss Platt herself. The Athletic Association rule that "no men are allowed," holds for these meets also, with the exception of Brooks, who always passes down the hall when Miss Wesson's feet are at their zenith.

\*Athlete.



Though deeply interested in lacrosse, and intellectually convinced\*that it is the coming game, I am unable to write it up in the manner I feel it deserves. For my single recollection of it—a recollection so poignant and vivid that all others are blurred,—is that of extreme and agonizing discomfort due to the fact that nothing but a double piece of wrapping paper judiciously placed over the hole in each of my sneakers, lay between me and the cold, cold ground. The memory image is so vivid that I have cold feet in both senses when I endeavor to write it up.

Swimming is easier to write about—an interclass affair needs such exhaustive treatment. But in the swimming meets the real contest for our first two years lay between 1909 and Carola. When you say a man is “a host in himself,” it is a figure of speech; but I am not trying to be flowery. I am stating a plain fact when I say that Carola was a team in herself. 1907 had a team and she was the only person on it; therefore, by simple logic, we deduce my first statement. The contest was a close one, and we divided the honours evenly: 1909 won our Freshman year with a score of 23-22, and Carola won the year after by some forgotten score. After Carola graduated there was, of course, not further danger, and, although “as this little volume goes to press” the result of our Senior meet is still undecided, we cannot feel that it is uncertain. Did we doubt the outcome, we should be unworthy of having rivaled the great Carola.

Of track, I think, we should be justly proud. For three years we won the meet, and Platty and Skint between them have broken college records seven times. I should like to quote here a few lines from the *Christian Union Handbook*, “where students may obtain useful and accurate information:”

“The records made in track-meets are held as follows:

<i>Event</i>	<i>Record</i>	<i>Holder</i>	<i>Date</i>
Rope climbing (21 ft.)	12 MINUTES	Anna Platt	1908.”

If the careful student will analyze this statement, she will see that Miss Platt, in a little less than a quarter of an hour, was able to climb a rope SEVEN YARDS LONG! This is indeed a very creditable performance, and we hope she will continue in her chosen vocation.

Only one form of athletics remains to be spoken of, and that is the hitherto unorganized but delightful sport of cutting daisies. Many students have often in-

\*Cf. My monograph on Woman Suffrage.



dulged in it in a *quiet way*; but, as I understand from one of the neighbours of the college, that this matter does not merely concern the class of 1909, I will not intrude in the department of botany.

For the convenience of the student of athletics, I have condensed my impressions into the following brief form—a single phrase under each heading, so that the gist of the whole may be apparent at a glance:

*Basket-Ball*—breathless and boiling.

*Hockey*—painfully breathless and numb fingers.

*Lacrosse*—numb and aching.

*Track*—the cynosure of all eyes.

*Swimming*—cold, wet, and stifling.

*Stand-on-your-Head*—lack of poise.

*Daisy-picking*—*Vaux pas*.

GEORGINA BIDDLE.



## Courses

The opening day of Freshman year saw 1909 gathered in a timidly frantic and bewildered mob before the doors of the Taylor offices, waiting for the fatal moment when they should open for the ordeal of course registration. Those of us who were accompanied by mothers made one last wild clutch at the parental apron-string, while others less fortunate clustered about the friendly upper classmen, who appeared to us as walking encyclopedias and directories. There were some of us who had visions of covering every course in the curriculum, but those were soon brought to a halt by the reminder of a fifteen hour limit. Once inside the office, the class became divided into two groups—those who had no idea of what they were going to take, and who therefore fell in with any suggestions; and those who had fully made up their minds even as to their major subjects, and who, strangely enough, also followed suggestions. In the end, after careful entry of courses in an important red course book, and the purchase of some equally important unsoiled note books, 1909 was ready for lectures to begin.

The favorite courses that year seemed to be English, Latin and Biology. The faces which appeared promptly on the hour at the first English lecture would not have been so smiling had they known what awaited them in the near future. Blissfully unconscious of the existence or intricacies of Grimm's law; of the complicated branching and budding of the Ygdrasil tree; of dailies, criticals, spelling and punct., they looked forward to a year's enjoyment of their favorite poets and authors. Some found what they looked for, but then, that depended on which were their favorites. Then came Latin class, with its "harangues," its metrical translations, and, above everything, its Cock. What desolate wastes must have been all previous and succeeding Latin classes without a Cock! Biology opened a new field of enquiry to most of us. Into it we plunged, some armed with smelling salts and spirits of ammonia; others, with stronger nerves and less keen sense of smell, regarding rather contemptuously their weaker sisters. Who can forget the keen delight inspired by the ever elusive *Haematococcus* and the turning, twisting *Speioggrate*, the terrors of the first frog and the enduring qualities of the rabbit? That year marked a signal change in many of us in that we suddenly lost, some temporarily, some forever, our life-long passion for lobsters and oysters.

Sophomore year found us much more nonchalant in regard to our lectures. At five minutes past the hour we strolled into our classes, working in a leisurely fashion on the collars which were so the rage that year, and gazing in rather a pitying, pat-



ronizing fashion at the Freshmen seated with their note books open. Second year English, with its time-honored second best bedstead and birthplace, and promised meeting with the porter of hell-gate, served to rouse us from our collars. We learned that it was better to see a play of the Blaney theatre type well (?) acted than one by the Bard of Avon poorly done. Some even profited by this suggestion and eagerly scanned the synopsis of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Some of us, led on by a desire to know "something very practical" and by other desires equally praiseworthy, took Polecon. We spoke learnedly and indiscriminately of wealth, rolling stock, trusts, marginal utility, the duties of a citizen and the socialistic ideals. This amused our fathers and did us no harm.

Our entrance into the class-room in Junior year usually took place at about ten minutes past the hour, and was marked by the hasty tucking away of the bright-colored tie which we had been crocheting. By this year we had decided on major subjects—some having been inspired by Shakspeare and others (not including Swinburne) to a future study of English Literature; others inclining to a development of their "P D Gity" through a minute investigation of the knee jerk. Others still, having lived through the terrors of General Psych., were inclined to investigation of the fluctuation of the after image. Philosophy, too, had its attractions. Having finally remembered which existed, Being non-being, and what man it was who invented those strangely idiotic paradoxes, we went on to a further consideration of Hedonism, Conscience and similar obscure matters.

Senior year found us most philosophical and calm on the subject of courses. As soon as we had finished the last row of our Irish Crochet we gathered up our books and sauntered to the lecture room. In planning our work we remembered that Orals were still ahead of us and became suddenly smitten with the desire to take some general culture courses. We studied the cathedrals of England (which would be most useful in case of travel); Greek and Roman Art, "Vahses" and all the extras which no cultivated family should be without. Some of us, realizing, at the end of three years, our needs, pursued the study of logic, in hopes of setting at naught the old proverb. Others of us, allured by the thought of specialization, entered Post-Major and Post-Post-Major classes, talked learnedly with graduates and had to be restrained by the low condition of our finances from entering the Seminars. At the end of our Senior year, if asked, "What have you gotten out of your college life," or, "What has college done for you," we might say in regard to courses (and then again we might not) "Much fun, some facts, and a realization of how much more there is for us to learn."

MARGARET BONTECOU.



# Siegfried

## CANTO I.

Down in the depths of the ancient gymnasium gathered one evening  
A merry crowd of spectators, to watch the performance of "Siegfried."  
What are those posts in the distance across the pool's silvery water?  
See they are labeled "a forest;" and there in the shade on a hummock  
Reposes a slumbering damsel. 'Tis Elsa, arrayed in white garments.  
Below on the pool's glassy surface are sporting the graceful Rhine maidens,  
Green are their tails and long, having been made out of cheese cloth.  
When they are gathered together, they raise their melodious voices:  
    "Rhine maidens we, singing in glee."  
Roused by this wonderful music the slumbering maiden awakens,  
Stretches her arms to heaven and rising begins thus her singing:  
    "I dreamt that I dwelt in a marble gym,  
    The sight fairly dazzled my eyes."  
Then, having spied the Rhine maidens, she tells them in accents pathetic,  
How badly a new gym is needed, how crowded, unhealthful, the old one.  
But they, not minding her pleading, swim off, forgetting their treasure,  
Ignoring the blanks that she offers for them to write down their subscriptions.  
So Elsa mournfully exits. But lo! from another direction  
Appear two dwarfs; one is labeled "Professor's Fund," while the other  
Steadies his tottering footsteps as he mournfully mumbles his ditty:  
    "I need the money, indeed I do,  
    It may seem funny, but it is true,  
    For my bloomin' salary won't support a family,  
    And the rent is high, and so I need the money."  
Then with great care and precision, they haul out the great golden treasure  
Carelessly left unguarded. But hardly had this been accomplished  
When giants, "The Student's Building," wrest from the dwarfs their booty.  
But on the maidens returning, loud are the cries raised to heaven,  
Great is the consternation caused by the want of the treasure;  
Fearful laments and bewailings that now they will swim no more.  
No more will sport in the water, lively and gay in the sunshine,  
But disconsolate sit on the bank, their tails all draggled beside them.



## CANTO II.

Elsa now knowing the treasure in the possession of giants  
Mourns all her hopes and desires, and weeps with the sorrowful maidens.

"Gone is the gold; the treasure that I need

Heavy the cares upon my heart indeed,

There is a knight will get the gold for me,

I feel it in my bones there's one, but where is he?"

Then like a silver trumpet a voice is heard in the distance:

"I'm coming, I'm coming.

But my vehicle is slow."

But Elsa not hearing this singing continues her weeping and wailing,

"Alack aday! I can't help crying

Woe, woe, woe!"

But see that swan on the river, drawing so gracefully onward

A boat, and within its enclosure sits Lohengrin, knight, in full armor.

"Lohengrin: Way down upon the Swany river,

Far, far from here.

The tear-stained voice of little Elsa

Smote on my listening ear.

Elsa: Dear Lohengrin, I need you badly,

Get me the gold!

Lohengrin: Elsa, you know I love you madly,

I'll do as I am told.

Both: Never we'll be sad and dreary,

Happy days will come.

We'll get the Nibelungen treasure

For the gymnasium."

Enter the *Walkure* ballet, dancing in glee around Siegfried,

Who, proud of their great adoration, strikes attitudes highly impressive.

To put to the test this boasting, the giants come in with the treasure;

And during the ensuing battle, where Siegfried is easily victor,

The Rhine maidens steal back their gold, whereat there is great jubilation.



But Siegfried espying fair Elsa, is then and there quite captivated,  
Adores from a distance in silence, not daring to make known his passion.  
Follows her steps through the forest, follows the paths like her shadow.

### CANTO III.

The *Walküre* ballet dejected, unnoticed now by their hero,  
Walk two and two, quite cast down, while singing in harmony minor:  
"In a doleful strain here alone we sit and sing."  
Lohengrin comes in downhearted, efforts of his avail nothing,  
The treasure cannot be recovered, and thus he addresses fair Elsa.  
"Elsa dear, listen here, I'm afraid to go down in the brine."  
Then Siegfried, at last taking courage, offers himself as a husband  
If only he gets the gold, somehow, from those, now wily, Rhine maidens.  
Elsa accepts his proposal. But Lohengrin, wildly enraged  
Challenges him to a duel, for the hand of the beautiful Elsa.  
Fierce is the fighting and long, with thrusts and blows, and with clashings  
Of steel upon steel in the turmoil, as Lohengrin gets the advantage.  
At last brave Siegfried is conquered, and falls headlong into the river,  
Where his body floats on the current, borne along by the arms of the maidens,  
While on the shore the *Walküres* set up a disconsolate weeping.  
At last, after many persuasions of brave Lohengrin and of Elsa,  
The Rhine maidens get to the point of resolving to give up their treasure.  
This is done with but one stipulation, the new pool must be lined with white tiling.  
And so the whole jubilant chorus breaks forth in a song of thanksgiving.

"The dream of a marble gym now will come true,  
Let us rejoice in song."

I have set forth this tale, oh! my children, that those of the next generation  
May know what took place in the ages when 1909's Class was in college,  
May honor its memory when the days it has lived have passed over,  
And may act, that without stain or blemish, their deeds may be told in the future.

EVELYN HOLT.



## Class Meetings

I have never quite got over the bitterness of soul I felt at missing our first secret class meeting. I had adopted the theory, enunciated by certain Sophomores, that it was unsporty to cut dinner for this function; and so, along with a few others likewise deluded, I arrived at the basement door of Merion only to see the meeting rapidly betaking itself to Pembroke Arch, but with every evidence of being a "howling" success. So the first meeting I really know anything about was one held in the Gym, the next day, when we began our career, characteristically, by bursting forth with three or four more rush songs than were necessary, and deciding to use them all. Mary Rand, I remember, was looking so particularly sporty in a white Peter Thomson with a pink collar, that we immediately and unanimously elected her cheer leader for rush night; and she certainly justified our choice.

As I remember them, after this our class meetings were characterized for a long time by a certain sameness, in substance something like this:

1. The reading of the minutes—always approved and accepted with great solemnity.
2. A reprimand for breach of etiquette, from the Class of 1908.
3. Requests to come to chapel, but not to enter by the front door.
4. The choosing of one song from many submitted anonymously.
5. The choice of a committee—nomination and election by secret ballot.
6. "I nominate Frances Browne."

I think our first departure from this established order must have come when we chose the class animal—when, forgetting our Roberts' Rules and our manners, we rose to defend or insult, as the case might be, the Sphinx, the Salamander, the Flying-fish, the red ant, and the Phoenix. The elegant satire and the power of invective, up to this time latent in the class, needed just this inspiring moment to appear in their full glory. When one considers the withering manner in which the Phoenix was referred to as the typical emblem of insurance companies and advertisements for shoe blacking, one wonders how he ever got elected as the class animal. I always thought that it was because slurs so much worse were cast at his rivals; but having since discovered a poem of Shakespeare's entitled *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, I am inclined to think this must have been responsible for his popularity,



among certain members of the class, at least. This faction demanded as a motto, *Aut Phoenix aut nihil*, but such a phrase seemed to express a unanimity which we certainly didn't possess; some of us, however, were willing to go so far as to encourage him by suggesting *Nil desperandum*. But our final choice, *Semper resurgam* (for this, gentle reader, is the plain, unadorned Latin of the cryptic scrawl upon our seal), was most fitting; for, undaunted by the dissatisfied criticism of the class, he rose in one garb after another, until he finally appeared resplendent, for good and all, in his present dress.

The disputatious character of this meeting became a habit with us, and henceforth we took every opportunity for long and spirited arguments on every conceivable subject. Sophomore Play and Lantern Night in the cloister were very fruitful grounds for discussion; and as for the ever (wedding) present question—well, that was such a burning one that it soon exhausted itself. I remember how excited we got when it came to the question—"Shall the married members of the class continue to share in the wedding presents," and how alarmed we grew at the pathetically vivid picture of ten or fifteen worthy spinsters being left alone to pay for all future presents!

But not even wedding presents nor yet class rings caused the amount of excitement aroused by the question of how we should sing the Banner Song; and it was only after three consecutive meetings in one day that we finally adjourned from Denbigh to the Gym, at eight-thirty in the evening, with scarcely voice enough to rehearse for *Patience*.

But for a few exceptions, it seems a far cry from our early struggles to these latter days of peace and cheering, when, with beautiful unanimity, we gather in with gently smiling jaws all the songs we need, from D. Child and Cliffy, and when, at the least suggestion of "Committees"—though there be twenty of them—the class cheerfully shifts the responsibility to the chair. Except for those strained occasions when we try to decide whether we shall give an "outside" dance or a play, or "whether we shall let them eat all the people we invite to Garden Party," the atmosphere is so calm that the making of Irish lace goes on undisturbed, and the valuable remarks from the chair are retarded, or interrupted, only by demands for *Santa Lucia*, and *Camille*.

HELEN CRANE.









## Remnants of Romeo and Juliet

Three nights without supper, one day without lunch, one play without a dress rehearsal! No dress rehearsal? Then why did Mr. Gray exhaust the power house in a six hour exposure of the death-light on a vacant stage? Why did the maids swarm down before and after each meal and still find the balcony scene in progress? Why did the Rolfe brothers asphyxiate us till their supply of powder and shot had run dry?

Because Mr. King came.

The scene shifters had just looped the right wall of Juliet's bedroom over the back flap of the public place, the entire cast of 28 was balancing on four chairs, two step ladders and the bier, their eyes glared in paralyzed terror at the lens, when a figure strode into the room,—the two thousand voice smote the air:

"Hold up! Miss Ja(i)cobs" (Mr. King has an I to everything), "your beard is on upside down!"

The pose fell through; it was rebuilt in half an hour.



#### FIRST STAGES.

'Twas at the drug store first they met  
Buying tonics in a pet.  
Romeo's pills he'll ne'er forget,  
And no one knows what Juli-et.

. . . . .

There's a theory beginners all use for a prop:  
You must start at the bottom to get to the top;  
In accordance with which, with great self-effacement  
We began R. & J. in the library basement.  
It mattered not then if the walls had ears  
For a wall is no wiser when all that it hears  
Is "dum—dum, dum, dum, dum, di-dum."  
And we soon found in this an impassable bar  
On our progress to fame; for we never could get  
Mr. King past the lures of the slow minuet.  
'Till the scheme was evolved by the stage manager  
Of strewing a thumb-tack or two on the floor.  
This put an effectual stop to symphonics,  
But right after that came the question of tonics.  
Juliet's nurse with a bottle and spoon  
Dosed her charge by the light of the "inconstant moon,"  
And Romeo ere handsome Paris he smote  
Imbided several "slippery elms" for the throat.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

Juliet—plaintively: "That's the pill bottle; I want the other one, you can have the real one in the cell scene."

"You mean Act IV, Scene 1," corrects the precise stage manager.

"I suppose so, but remember not to pin it in with a safety pin. And do give me the right one, because the apothecary has to give Romeo the other one and then I get back the first one in the last act. It doesn't really matter; 'but oh the difference to me'!"

. . . . .



"You see, Mr. King, we were going to 'parry' twice, then 'retard,' then 'prime' and 'cut over' in Act I, Scene I; and it was in the street fight that they were to do 'seconde' and 'sixte'. And then we had decided last night that Mercutio was to die with two jerks backwards and Romeo with three reels."

"Very well, do you follow me?"  
Yes, "but oh the difference" to us!

"What blood is this which stones the stained entrance of this sepulchre?"  
The audience missed it. "But oh, the difference" to her!

MR. KING AS SEEN BY THE AUDIENCE.

Blocking the middle aisle with his binocular,  
He radiates, congratulating, jocular.  
Pats the shoulder of M. Carey:  
"Handsome dog, eh what? that Mary!  
Smart young kid Miss Carlie Minor;  
Did you ever see a finer  
Lot of men, or did you strike a  
Juliet, youthful as Miss Baiker?"

SPECIAL DELIVERY.

"Dear Cock! Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?" Special delivery: "No." Telegram: "Yes." Letter: "Sorry, but I can't come." But Mr. King refused to give it at all without Miss Maurice's special delivery of the part. And she got there "all in good time."

This strictly comical part  
Rends the tragical actor's heart  
And cannot be long sustained.  
Says Mary unto Shirley,  
"We shall have to shut down early  
While our tears are still restrained"—Finis.

M. NEARING and S. PUTNAM.



## The Old Gym

It was in the old gym we learned our first songs,  
Watched Sophomore play with an awestruck gaze,  
Our banner received from the Junior's hands,  
Wonder-filled in remote Freshman days.

Heart-sinkings then the seasoned beams greet,  
A dare, and a halting, "Well, it seems to me,  
For Stevenson says on page 133—"  
The cant we all hear at the Sunday Eve Meet.

Light gym, heavy gym, fencing, dancing,  
In the verse it's quite entrancing,  
With foils in rest, barbells we take,  
Flying Mercury's giant stride we make.

Then fair maidens we, each week singing in Glee-  
Club if, a tune we could carry,  
"Watch 'er the neighbors cry" all the time,  
The basso profundo of Martha C. Barry.

How grimly it looked with proctorial frown  
As we wearily ceased our cram—  
"It can't be the gym where we sang and laughed  
That contains this most frightful exam."

But not only brains did we tax to the bursting,  
For track offered laurels to win,  
And tendons and records together were broken  
In the kindly old versatile gym.



So we danced and had meetings, rehearsals, disputes,  
We ran up the scale of emotions and down,  
The gym, small and ugly, was yet a good friend  
That took our abuse and ne'er gave back a frown.

The new gym is large, and a wonder to see  
But it lacks a mellowing history.  
Let younger classes make pregnant its walls  
For a final curtain on 1909 falls.

Though we often complained and worked hard for the new gym,  
Think once more with love of our own gym, the old gym.

BARBARA SPOFFORD.



## Junior Year Athletics

### Tennis

Class championship won by 1908.

#### Captains

H. Schmidt, '08  
M. Belleville, '09.

C. Simonds, '10  
M. Kilner, '11

#### Team

M. Belleville

A. Whitney

M. Nearing

Varsity championship won by A. Whitney.

### Hockey

#### Team

M. Nearing, Captain

F. Browne  
K. Ecob  
J. Doe  
A. Whitney  
C. Goodale

E. Holt  
A. Platt  
C. Wesson  
S. Putnam  
H. Crane

1908 vs. 1909—6-2

1908 vs. 1909—4-2

#### Varsity

J. Morris, '08  
M. Young, '08  
M. Kirk, '10  
M. Nearing, '09  
H. Schmidt, '08

T. Helburn, '08  
H. Cadbury, '08  
M. Plaisted, '08  
M. Washburn, '08  
M. Copeland, '08

L. Sharpless, '08, Captain

#### Subs from 1909

S. Putnam  
A. Platt

C. Wesson  
C. Goodale



## Swimming

### Captains

N. Seeds, '08

I. Taber, '10

G. Biddle, '09

J. Allen, '11

140 ft. swim on front won by G. Biddle, 45s.

Swim under water won by G. Biddle, 106 ft. 11 in., record broken.

Dive won by A. Platt.

Fancy dive won by C. Wesson.

Meet won by 1909, 30 points.

Individual points won by G. Biddle, 20½.

## Track Meet

### Captains

J. Griffith, '08

J. Howell, '10

K. Ecob, '09

M. Hoffman, '11

Hurdles won by K. Ecob.

Rope climb won by A. Platt, 11s., record broken.

Running high jump won by G. Biddle, 3 ft. 5½ in.

Hop, step, jump won by C. Wesson, 20 ft. 11½ in., record broken.

Fence vault won by C. Wesson and A. Platt, 4 ft. 5½ in.

Right high jump won by A. Platt, 6 ft. 10 in.

Relay race won by 1909.

Highest number of individual points made by Anna Platt with 25½ points.

Meet won by 1909 with 67 points.

## Basket-Ball

### Team

H. Crane

D. Smith

M. Belleville

K. Ecob

G. Biddle

A. Stevens

M. Allen

C. Wesson, manager

E. Holt

A. Platt, captain

1908 vs. 1909—17- 6 in favor of 1908    1908 vs. 1909—16-13 in favor of 1908

### Varsity

M. Plaisted, captain

M. Young

G. Kingsbacker

M. Belleville

H. Cadbury

L. Sharpless

J. Morris

C. Wesson

M. Washburn







# Senior Year



## Class Officers

*President*—PLEASAUNCE BAKER.

*Vice-President and Treasurer*—ALTA STEVENS.

*Secretary*—HELEN CRANE.

## Offices Held by the Class

*Self-Government Association*—*President*, FRANCES BROWNE; *Executive Board*, FRANCES BROWNE and ALTA STEVENS.

*Undergraduate Association*—*President*, MARY F. NEARING.

*Christian Union*—*President*, LEONE ROBINSON; *Vice-President*, MAY PUTNAM.

*League for the Service of Christ*—*President*, MARIE BELLEVILLE.

*Athletic Association*—*President*, CYNTHIA WESSON; *Indoor Manager*, ANNA PLATT.

*Students' Building Committee*—*Chairman*, MARGARET BONTECOU; SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*College Settlement Chapter*—*Treasurer*, GEORGINA BIDDLE.

*Equal Suffrage League*—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, KATHARINE ECOB.

*Philosophical Club*—*President*, BARBARA SPOFFORD.

*Sunday Evening Meeting Committee*—*Chairman*, BARBARA SPOFFORD.

*English Club*—*President*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM; PLEASAUNCE BAKER, MARGARET DILLIN, HELEN SCOTT.

*Science Club*—*President*, MARGARET BONTECOU; *Vice-President*, MAY PUTNAM.

*Glee Club*—*Leader*, MARY RAND.

*Mandolin Club*—*Leader*, GERTRUDE CONGDON.

*Choir Mistress*, GERTRUDE CONGDON.

*Trophy Club*—*President*—MARY HERR; SHIRLEY PUTNAM.

*Oriental Club*—*President*, CELESTE WEBB; *Secretary*, HELEN BROWN.

*Head Fire Captain*, ANNIE WHITNEY.

*Lantern*—*Assistant Editor*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM; *Treasurer*, GRACE WOOLDRIDGE.

*Tipyn o' Bob*—*Editor-in-Chief*, SHIRLEY PUTNAM; *Editors*, PLEASAUNCE BAKER, MARIANNE MOORE; *Assistant Business Manager*, ELEANOR BARTHOLOMEW.



## Calendar of Senior Year

- September 30—College opened.  
October 5—Sang on Taylor Steps.  
October 15—Laying of the Corner-stone of the new Gymnasium.  
October 16—Senior Reception.  
October 24—First French Oral and Varsity *vs.* Belmont, 11-1.  
October 29—Political Meeting.  
October 31—1911 Sophomore Play, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.  
November 2—Campaign Mass Meeting.  
November 4-30—Hockey Match Games.  
November 7—Mrs. Snowdon on Suffrage.  
November 13—1910 Banner Night, *Miss Hobbes*.  
November 20—Mr. Whiting's first Musical Recital.  
November 21—Professor Münsterberg at Philosophical Club.  
December 4—Mrs. Berenson on Italian Art.  
December 18—First Class Tea.  
January 20-February 1—Midyears.  
February 13—Rev. Anna H. Shaw on *Women and the Ballot*.  
February 17—Mr. James Wood, gave Founder's Lecture.  
February 22—Opening of Gymnasium.  
February 26—Fancy Dress Dance to Graduates, Mr. Johnston lectured on India.  
March 19—Announcement of Fellowships.  
March 20—Freshman Show.  
March 22—First President's Reception.  
March 26—Track Finals, won by 1909.  
March 27—Richard Watson Gilder at English Club.  
April 3—Katharine Goodson played for Endowment Fund.  
April 17—*When Knighthood was in Favor*.  
April 20—Professor Angell at Philosophical Club.  
April 24—Final Swimming Meet, 1909 won.



April 30—Mr. Lowes Dickinson on *Democracy*.  
 May 1—May Day Celebration and Glee Club Concert.  
 May 3—Basket-Ball Match Games.  
 May 7—Junior-Senior Supper, *Medea*.  
 May 14—1911 to us, *His Excellency the Governor*.  
 May 15—Graduate Party.  
 May 19-20—Finals.  
 May 29—Olympic Games.  
 May 30—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. George Hodges.  
 May 31—First Outdoor Track Meet, Class Supper.  
 June 1—President's Luncheon and Bonfire.  
 June 2—Varsity-Alumnæ Game, College Breakfast and Garden Party.  
 June 3—Commencement; Speaker, President Jordan.

## Scholarships

*Elizabeth Duane Gillespie*—Judith Boyer and Eugenia Miltenberger.  
*Brooke Hall Memorial*—Margaret Bontecou and Margaret Sidner Dillin.  
*European Fellowship*—Margaret Bontecou.  
*Special European Fellowship*—Margaret Sidner Dillin.  
*First Ten*—Margaret Bontecou, Margaret Dillin, Helen Rumrill, Ruth Wade, Mary Goodwin, Anne Walton, Katharine Branson, Bertha Ehlers, Pleasaunce Baker, Shirley Putnam.  
*George W. Childs Essay Prize*—Shirley Putnam,  
*Mary Helen Ritchie Memorial Prize*—Shirley Putnam.  
*Graduate Scholarships*—*Latin*, Margaret Dillin; *German*, Helen Jurist.









## My Oral Experience

If there is any "extended somewhat"—as Mr. Gifford would say—within possible reach, I am sure to get my somewhat extended self in contact with it: so an oral-tried friend, knowing this propensity of mine, warned me not to do any damage to Miss Thomas's office furniture in general and the sofa in particular, traditionally placed to catch the unwary. The thought of that sofa actually became a perfect obsession with me; over and over again I would say to myself, "What if I should fall all over the furniture and inevitably appear to be trying to smash things just to get even"—one really couldn't blame Miss Thomas much, if she should cherish a little hard feeling towards this seemingly vindictive spirit. In times of Orals and distress, one can't be too careful of the little things. The terror of the unknown furniture remained with me to the last. Others stood outside dreading perhaps the strange words or "that passage where a thousand might well be stopped by three," but I was terror-stricken at the thought of being stopped by the furniture. Even when Miss Applebee cheered the waiting band with:

*Benit Soit the Seniors.  
Oui Oui Oui  
Demain demain  
Applebee.*



I could only weakly smile, and turning towards the gates of doom, called back, "Girls, whatever you do, don't fall over the sofa."

I am sure I wasn't my natural self as I entered or I should never have been able to get to the chair opposite M. Schinz in safety. Some surer instinct must have got the better of my trained habits at this moment of need. Now, at least, my mind passed away from that sofa, but where it went I can't say, for it didn't seem to be in its accustomed place and I suppose it is useless to conjecture whither it had gone; since the world of Orals seems to have laws, customs, and habits peculiarly its own. For instead of the conventional baby, some woman was calmly rocking her husband in a cradle; as a charming substitute for our hackneyed storm, the oralled say, "The weather breaks loose," and as for "Die Ehe ist die Bund der Geschlechter," with quick insight the student translates: "Marriage is the union of two bad people."

As I was saying, my brain had departed, but yet when above the sound of a scratching pen, the faint murmur of "enough" came from M. Schinz, it didn't take me long to shuffle to my feet. My premonitions as to that sofa had not been vain ones. In my mad rush for the door, the one thing present to my vision, I did even better than might be expected of me. I straddled the low arm of the fatal sofa and sat perched thus for a long second before I knew what had happened. In my confusion at having to dismount, so to speak, I caught my foot in the leg of the sofa and literally fell against the door. Behind me I heard the scraping of a chair; some one, I infer, was preparing to catch the dizzy student, but meantime I had fallen into Miss Lawther's arms. My own bruises were forgotten in the overwhelming joy at having broken no furniture.

FANNIE SKEER BARBER.



## The Political Rally

The value of lost causes as a motive force could be nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in the preparations for Election Eve. Socialists, Independents, Prohibitionists, even Democrats, made transparencies, got up slogans, costumes and songs with an energy and a confidence that could have arisen only from the humor of hopelessness; nor did assurance of victory clog the aspirations of the Republicans.

"Taft *vs.* Graft" and "Taft-Graft" seemed rather to annul one another, but the Prohibitionists found "Whisky Is Risky" to be equally powerful backwards or forwards. The Republicans headed the procession with an animal which might have been described in a side-show as

### THE ONLY HUMAN ELEPHANT.

He Walks on Four Legs and Yet  
Remains Erect.

Behind them the Democrats, casting fact to the winds, bore a banner reading—

1896 Good  
1900 Better  
1908 Victory

the dimensions of which were such that it not only cut off the sight of those in front from those behind, but completely neutralized the most valiant efforts of the band. It might be supposed that after these the display of the other parties would be an anti-climax, but "cheese it boys, he's fanned twice already". The Socialists wore red flags and gave a cryptic yell, "Co-operation, Not Corporation," while numbering in their midst the Anarchists, who never spoke save in character, *i. e.*—

"Skull and bones, skull and bones,  
Down with Government, hear our groans."



The Independents urged: "Up with the dinner pail, down with the Democrats, yell, yellow journalism, Hisgen, Hearst." The Prohibitionists, determined to make an end worthy of the beginning, put theory in practice by carrying umbrellas marked "Keep Dry," and wound up the procession with the obvious but comfortable water wagon. We marched down back of Radnor and up again, and halted outside of Taylor while a rigid search for reporters was made. Strangers and faculty were alike insulted with "Are You a Reporter?" but the reward came next morning when the wildness of the newspaper accounts testified to our success. Once let in, the parties seized different localities in the chapel and set pandemonium loose. The solid Republican phalanx in the centre drowned out the rest with "Everybody takes the hat off, the hat off, to Taft." Five speeches followed, interrupted by bombs, yells and calm, polite questions from the Suffragists, whose appearance would have put to shame the leading dressmakers of Paris. Rose Marsh presided, reinforced—to use the word advisedly—by eight policemen, who were repeatedly obliged to take certain persons into custody. At the conclusion of the Democratic speech the meeting adjourned to the polls, where Taft was elected by an overwhelming majority. Various loyal adherents bore their defeated leaders home on their shoulders, and the Anarchists washed their faces. Our slight excursion into the realm of politics proved entertaining.

BARBARA SPOFFORD.



## Functions

Of Philosophical Club receptions and such other sombre gaities, I have hazy recollections from Freshman and Sophomore years. Living as I did, in the recesses of Rockefeller, whose remoteness was constantly impressed upon me by such remarks as this: "You live in Rock? Dear me! It must be difficult to get to lectures. Its about as far away as Radnor, isn't it?", I rarely had the courage to make the journey to Pembroke, where such functions were held. Christian Union Reception, which occurred, so to speak, on my native soil, and the various affairs in the Gymnasium, are writ more clearly upon the tablets of my brain—the reception of the Seniors and the fancy-dress dances, at which the proverbial camels passed through needles' eyes (at the expense of rips and tears in costumes improvised "chez nous") and won the implied reward.

By Junior year I was drawn into the intellectual whirl of the different club lectures and receptions in Pembroke. Here only was it possible for Faculty and students to meet on a social "fooding"; and they do say that many made so much of their advantages that it often became necessary to pass the watchword—"f. h. b." There were some, however, who, forgetful of food, loitered upon the outside of the small groups and endeavored to glean any words that might fall from the mouths of celebrities; and a chosen few actually entered into conversation with members of the Faculty, upon such abstruse and scientific subjects as the reading of palms, or weather forecasts for May Day.

We began our College career with a Senior Reception—and we are ending with five. Sad as it may seem, we feel that to the President we appear as we did to the Seniors of 1906. Nay, I might even say that we have gone a few years farther back, and are retraversing "Easy Steps for Little Feet." Mental Arithmetic, with, for the most part, problems in addition and subtraction, is most popular. If, out of fifty-two Seniors, fifty-two have washed dishes at some time in their lives, how many have never performed this menial service?

If twenty Seniors are now engaged, how many will be in a year?

Nevertheless, there is, too, some general conversation; the latent ideas within us well up in speech; with no self-consciousness we are developed into brilliant conversationalists; and we feel that we are indeed making a beginning full of promise.

MARY E. HERR.



## Class Songs

"Rush, rush, we're here to fight our way, and see what you all are!"—  
With ditties loud and spirited we wakened fair Bryn Mawr.  
They did not soothe the savage breast, and yet they had their charms,  
They helped us stand on trodden toes and cling with aching arms.  
"Our Juniors are the fairest class that ever has been known,"  
Was what we straightway learned to lisp in awed, admiring tone:  
And when we went to Banner Night, our spirits mounted high;  
We saw that life could hold no more and begged that we might die.  
Our elders sang us witty lays, and,—not to be outdone—  
At Sophomore Play we held our breath and hazarded a pun.  
"Bryn Mawr, thy lantern, tra, la, la, ti, tum, ti, tum, ti, bright"—  
We tried to sing a late-learned song, but couldn't read at sight.  
We wrote a stirring oral song and practised by the day,  
But 1906, when asked to heed, looked wild and muttered "nay!"  
In hockey and in basket-ball we boasted just a bit;  
We swore that we were "shooting stars" (which didn't always hit).  
"Oh, 1910, we cheer you and we hope you'll all get through;  
We know that you are well prepared to do what others do,"—  
We spoke like aged grandmamas when finals came around,  
And all our Freshman trips and slips were fathoms underground.  
Next year new Freshmen fell in line, we heard their shouts and scowled,  
"The Sophomores will get you if you don't watch out," we howled.  
We caught these Freshmen practising a war song loud with "wows,"  
We wrote a speedy parody replete with taunting "miauws".  
And then there came a gloomy day when even we grew pale,  
To see the gayest Senior sigh, the bravest Senior quail.  
We sang, "You walk like Seniors and you talk like Seniors, too."  
We gave them all a rousing "Hoch!" and said "You'll all get through."  
At Sophomore Play our "T's" were lax, we trembled in our parts,  
Apologetic'ly we sang, "We've worked with all our hearts."  
At Freshman Show we swore "each joke is comically spoke  
And"—with loud "Ks"—"we gulp and choke at each pathetic stroke."



In *Ivanhoe* we tried our hands at songs of lightest vein,  
Wrote "Hump dee doodle do ding dong," a popular refrain,  
Immortalized the Bromide craze; a stiff-legged chorus cried  
"You'll know us, for our sentiments are neatly cut and dried."  
We warbled of the Holy Land where woman clings to veil  
And, if she dares to raise her eyes, is cast beyond the pale.  
For one brief happy moment, then, we lived in Paradise,  
And sang, as winged Seraphs, that the food was very nice.  
"A hunter's life is free from strife," sang outlaws, free from care,  
"He never has to take cold tubs and then with dressing tear."  
When *Ivanhoe* was over, we had picnic songs to write,  
Led 1908 to rustic spot and sang with proud delight,—  
"We hope you'll have a happy time—All honor, 1908!  
We're glad that you've come early and we hope that you'll stay late."  
We greeted our Sub-freshmen with a prayer:—"Go in and pass."  
We sang, "Put up a bluff, or we won't have no Freshman class."  
And when these children joined the line, the class took up its pen  
And gladly after resting fell to writing songs again.  
"Don't mind the Soph-mores, kittens once, but now the widow's cat;  
There's only purr beneath the fur"—the Sophomores winked at that.  
Our Oral songs were harder now to write in cheerful notes,  
We saw the time approaching fast when we would be the goats.  
Our mentioning of "grace" and "goose", and "Schwartzzenbrot" to boot  
Showed time is short in Paradise for those who taste the fruit.  
At Banner Night in *Patience* we betrayed our love of song,  
We took Caruso attitudes and chanted loud and long;  
And since we found in opera our most successful role,  
We charmed the hockey victors' ears with tuneful "Golden Goal,"  
Where Elsa sang of organs grand that fall upon one's ears,  
And Lohengrin, on floating plank, replied "I'm coming, dear."  
The final play from 1908 we welcomed with a round,  
The Seniors bowed (I'd hate to say they stamped upon the ground).  
We prophesied dramatic fame for Seniors such as these—  
For Nazimova and the rest, foretold subscription fees.  
When Junior-Senior Supper came our happy hearts grew glum,



We sang good-bye to 1908, and thought of days to come.  
By Senior year "our backs were bent, our locks were tinged with gray,"  
We begged the brand-new Freshman Class to make us young as they.  
We sang a song of all the past and much that lay before us,  
Where every verse of dreary length dragged in a dreary chorus.  
We droned a long funereal chant before a certain day  
When "The Milk of Human Kindness was dried up and blown away."  
At Sophomore's *Bon voyage!* we sang, "How can ye be so fair,  
How can ye sing like little birds and we so full of care."  
We cried for sticky crackerjack and "Peanuts!" was our shout.  
We sang "root! root!" for well we knew the cry, "Three strikes, you're out!"  
And now time flies with 1909 a-clinging to his wing,  
And soon we'll all be past and gone, the class that loved to sing,  
From days when just to write a song was daring, bold, and rash,  
And when the author shoved it in and vanished with a dash,  
To present times when in we rush with songs that all may see  
And clamour loud to sing them to assembled company,  
We've tried some strange embellishments, we've sung with gestures bold,  
We've found that slips in grammar add to songs a hundredfold,  
We've spliced two tunes to make them one, we've juggled many rhymes,  
We've chanced upon peculiar tunes innumerable times.  
Once "Mamie took a bargain" for a Rush song seemed most fit,  
And "Gimme a drink, bartender," as a play song made a hit.  
So, now that we must pack our trunks and leave the Realm of Song,  
We ask forgiveness, listeners, for all we've done that's wrong.  
In Freshman year our falls from grace were many, let's forget!  
At thought of cocky Sophomore songs our hairs are rising yet.  
In Junior Year we felt our way, our songs were pure and mild,  
The younger classes seemed impressed, the Seniors heard and smiled.  
In Senior Year our voices cracked, enough! we draw the veil,  
Forgive us, if you're plunged in gloom, good friends who hear our wail.

ELEANOR CLIFTON.







## When Knighthood was in Favor or Everyone Her Own Stage Manager

The idea was conceived one night in the spring, as we were walking up and down to the Seniors' singing; it was sustained through the following weeks by the memory of an enthusiastic conversation; it was realized—somewhat later than anyone anticipated. A lambent flame of correspondence played between the undersigned all summer, and was fanned into white heat by their coalition in September when they concentrated on the plot behind locked doors, without intermission and without refreshment, for the space of at least 45 minutes.

The details being arranged, it remained to settle the essentials. We were worked up to the pitch of instant completion on the successive dates of September 28th, November 28th, December 1st, January 6th, and February 3rd. The class meanwhile waited with a confidence born of ignorance. Then suddenly x and y found the rope tighten in nightly committee meetings. The funeral chant of "My dear, do you think this would be funny?" would be interrupted only by an outbreak of hostilities on the relative humor of two so-called "points" which to any dispassionate observer would have appeared equally blunt. But the committee again acted as one man when on the eve of inserting some dialogue in the medley of choruses which we classed as Act I, it was confronted with the class clamor for a finished reading of the whole. Song rehearsals had begun the evening before, but ceased as an internecine war burst with untoward fury upon the jaded Knights of the Joke. Again the committee met nightly, this time for refuge and mutual exhortation. Again a reading, followed by a momentous lull, while we harangued the office, the water-polo captains and the Philosophical Club for a later date.

Finally, with the inevitable 17th hanging about our necks like a millstone, rehearsals again began in sack-cloth and ashes. They were characterized by a general appreciation of the excellent material we were making for the class book articles which were then being written; and were further marked by waiting on the divine afflatus of creation in some such dialogue as this: "Has anybody written this song?" "Well, we think Mary Rand is going to." "Well, who is running this thing, any-



way?" "Well, somebody is going to see her at lunch on Thursday." A general murmur of "This thing is coming off day after to-morrow" was the composer's only stimulus.

But time, like our chronicle, was short, and borne on the wings of time came the dress rehearsal at which the graduates were kind enough to act as dogs while we tried it on for the first time through. Their discriminating applause furnished us the cue for numberless improvements. Our state of mind, however, was such that we felt a rehearsal of the audience to be imperative, but as this was contrary to precedent, individuals were thoroughly coached. On the night of the performance, however, we found that the audience might have been the authors, so unerringly did they grasp every point. The production was crude, but was immensely enjoyed, at least by those behind the footlights; and whatever may be the judgment of posterity, we should like to record that:—

"We learned every squeak  
In less than a week  
For our positively last appearance."

—Barbara Spofford.

KATHARINE GILBERT ECOB.

## Two Musical Numbers

The alumnæ saw the dire need and we had long felt it; so they clubbed together and gave us out of the fulness of their pockets, five concerts "For the Benefit of the Students"—

The benefits were various; first to the faculty, what an inestimable boon! All the wives stayed away except Mrs. Allison, who lived so far off that it was worth while to make the effort. Miss Kirk and her following never failed to swell the ranks, and the President was there to lead the cheering on the opening night, although she was detained on the four other recitals, and had to hear the echoes of the clavichord from the Deanery.

Nelson's profit was not without its element of simple pleasure. All men who are discreet and patient are sure to be passionate anglers. Dangling his line from



a high elevation until the light at the end of it was haloing Mr. Whiting's tonsure, the old sportsman would retire under cover and then, his line satisfactorily placed, decide to make a night of it. He would have had to carry out his plan unless the audience had considerably curtailed each selection by clapping before the end.

Mr. Whiting himself gained rather than lost by the performances. He had to swallow a great deal; especially when we stamped on the floor at *The Keys of Heaven* and let Schumann pass without a murmur. He might have learned also that even the harpsichord can cause mirth if the right circumstances accompany, *i. e.*, Miss King on the floor trimmed with old family silver—Frances Ferris in the gallery coiffed with silver plate.

Ha, a transition! Let us seize the flying moment and make it carry us back to before the concert, to:

#### FELLOWSHIP DINNER.

The dinner was one of the obstacles in the progress of Senior spring. Where to find a Jessen, a Miss Donnelly and Miss Hoyt!—the two latter having fled in body as well as in spirit; that is, unless we resolved to adopt Myra into our class; and we always prefer to remain obscure rather than call in outside genius. We did make sure of one hit during the evening by reproducing Rose Marsh in her title role. The onlookers were somewhat scandalised by seeing our Indian missionary sandalled but in convict stripes, especially since several members of the faculty were among the company. It was all a question of follow the leader. Mrs. Frank came because she knew it must be all right if Mrs. Wright was there. Miss Thomas remembered to bring Miss Garrett and the faculty attendance was on the whole very good, although Dear Daddy was more taciturn than usual. Della managed to tear himself from the baby for half an hour and gave us a few spontaneous explosives. I screwed up my courage and my features to make the debut of the new English Department, and I haven't been able to call my face my own since. We eked out the program with a vocal and a nasal recital, in the second of which Mr. Schinz and Dr. Jessen were conspicuous. In the first Mary Nearing "tried to be Viting" and did "Fan out"; in fact, almost outdid Fan. (Can a pun be run into the ground? No, when it has no ground for being.)

With this "codetta" I leave you, with congratulations on your musical—and academic education.

SHIRLEY PUTNAM.



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Mr. Whiting  
swallow a good  
Heaven and  
even the hard  
Miss King o  
lery coiffed w  
Ha, a tr  
before the con

The dinner  
to find a Jesse  
as well as in s  
always prefer  
sure of one hi  
onlookers wen  
in convict stri  
company. It  
knew it must  
bring Miss Ga  
Dear Daddy w  
baby for half  
my courage ap  
and I haven't  
with a vocal a  
were conspicu  
out"; in fact, a  
has no ground

With this  
academic educa

Aldair 1	Gordale 31
Baker 4	Gordon 33
Barber 6	Harlan 34
Barthman 7	Hearne 35
Bellville 8	Herr 38
Biddle 9	Holiday 39
Bondoc 10	Hosman 42
Brundson 12	Joy 43
Brown H. P. 14	Mallory 49
Brown 7. 15	Miller 50
Chick 16	Minor 52
Clyton 17	Neuman 56
Congdon 18	North 57
Crane 19	Platt 58
Dellin 20	Putnam 60
Doe 21	Putnam 61
Donaldson 22	Rand 63
Durand 25	Robins 64
Eck 26	Rumrell 66
Ehlers 27	Scott 68
White 28	Thompson 70
Whitney 29	Stoddard 72
	Sprague 73
	Storch 74
	Steen 76
	Wells 82
	Wesson 83

e performances. He had to  
the floor at *The Keys of*  
might have learned also that  
umstances accompany, i. e.,  
—Frances Ferris in the gal-

and make it carry us back to

s of Senior spring. Where  
two latter having fled in body  
Myra into our class; and we  
side genius. We did make  
Marsh in her title role. The  
an missionary sandalled but  
ne faculty were among the  
s. Frank came because she  
Miss Thomas remembered to  
e whole very good, although  
ged to tear himself from the  
explosives. I screwed up  
new English Department,  
We eked out the program  
Mr. Schinz and Dr. Jessen  
o be Viting" and did "Fan  
o the ground? No, when it

ons on your musical—and  
SHIRLEY PUTNAM.



## Medea

One hears often of the allowance that must be made for students' theatricals, because, among other reasons, the actors are able to concentrate upon their parts only a limited portion of their time and interest, which the college routine of necessity divides among various pursuits. But I had the good fortune to return to Bryn Mawr, after a year's absence, the very day of the Junior-Senior supper,—1910's formal farewell to our class—and I found no such allowance necessary for the sincere enjoyment that their play gave me. The *Medea* of Euripides was an ambitious selection, ambitiously and triumphantly rendered. In the unity of the play—those famous Greek unities with which we are all familiar—lay much of its difficulty; its long monologues, its intensity of feeling, the quick forward march of the action, the unceasing tragic note, which must be insistent throughout without suspicion of monotony:—these facts called for an insight and skill that was not lacking. Especial credit is due Elsa Denison (who made a most eloquent Jason) in that she directed the management quite without Mr. King's invaluable aid. Jeanne Kerr was a powerful and compelling Medea, most admirable in her transitions between the jealous frenzy of a fiend, and the exquisite tenderness of a mother. Katharine Rotan as the messenger gave an artistic rendering of an intensely difficult monologue. *Quid Multa?* The minor rôles and the chorus left us only with the wish that there might have been in *Medea* an opportunity for a greater number of 1910 to sustain the reputation these few so firmly established.

After the play, which from its character was of course without intermission, we took our places at the supper tables, arranged in a continuous line around three sides of the gymnasium. (What a change from the old gym' with the struggling waiters barely able to pass one another in the aisles between the crowded tables!) Then the personal element made itself more strongly felt, amid the chatter and laughter with the more serious ending of speeches and class songs and healths drunk with a will. We realized then that it was for us and for us solely that 1910 had worked with such richness of labour crowned with true success; they had given this play to us to pledge a class friendship free from even petty dissension from the beginning until the end of our three years together.

MAY EGAN.



## His Excellency the Governor

Even 1911's assertion that they were waiting "just back of the curtain" could hardly shake our faith in the reality of the scene presented to us on the evening of their farewell play. "Here on the Amandaland Isles," was a fitting line with which to raise the curtain on *His Excellency the Governor*. The impression of English colonial life was so strong that Mary Rand herself would have been surprised to learn at the College Breakfast, that the rich tropical view stretching into the distance through the open door-way, was the same which Romeo had invoked while yonder blessed calcium-light man tipped its fruit-tree tops with silver.

Not having the advantages of even "the worm's eye view," we were able to appreciate only a few of the difficulties which the managers had to face. We learned with surprise that the sentry's love song, of which the butler had complained so touchingly, was sung by the butler himself, just before his entrance, owing to the fact that the sentry suffered from the same defects of speech as did Ivanhoe the 11th. But as to the "trampling of war steeds without," we could not help realizing that it must have been a superhuman effort to produce such a gallop from the two sober gym horses, even when spurred on by savage Indian clubs.

We wonder what strangers must have thought during the days that followed the play, to hear seemingly tactful seniors accost a certain member of the cast with "Oh, Hoffy, do look half-witted for me"; but we had acquired this strange taste on the night of May 14th, and Hoffy had to suffer for the vapidness of Lord Carlton. We felt that the Governor with his dignified foolishness almost outdid M. Jourdain. Can we ever forget Casey's acting as she said, "The thing is, to avoid breaking the most important heart," or the picture she made standing on the heights of Mrs. Bolingbroke's impressionistic barricade, happily oblivious of the two below her, who played the game in earnest. No one could have guessed that the *jeun premier* concealed beneath his debonair and care-free exterior the wisdom of the coach and the tact of the stage-manager. No wonder that he found favor in the eyes of Ethel. We were glad to recognize in the latter rôle another of the advantages of the college education. Scottie proved to us that inside the cloistered walls we may learn the theory, at least, of "handholding." (Some one has suggested that she get out a hand-book on the subject.) Schmitti was, of course, the central figure. Her complete self-possession and astounding impudence carried the audience away.



She has immortalized for at least one college year such phrases as "I am a creature of impulse," and "This garment, though white ——," and a *maron* hereafter will mean more to us than a mere chestnut *glacé*. The proverbial nightingale of sunny Italy sang not more sweetly than the water-whistle of the secretary, and his pathetic attachment to his notes at the critical moment of his career was even stronger than the devotion of the most procrastinating of us to borrowed tabs on the eve of an exam. We welcomed a new star in Esther Cornell, although we regret the frankness of some of our class in their congratulations to her. "Why I didn't know *you* could act," was the only sentence the dazzled seniors could frame. We are glad Helen Emerson did not, "smiling his chief beside," fall dead. We expected her to at any moment, but the arrival of her martial and ferocious major revived her wonderfully. A description of the play would not be complete without some recognition of Catherine Delano. 1909 can judge of the results of her efforts, and we hear whispers from 1911 that she kept her temper through all the hardships of business manager, *qua nulla laus major est*.

To pass from the merits of the play to the feelings of the audience, even the long-anticipated *Juba* was scarcely sufficient to express our pleasure. 1911's speeding of their parting juniors made us feel that, for at least two years more, we would have friends in college.

G. BIDDLE,  
K. ECOB.



## Commencement Week

When did we "start to commence?" I think it must have been the day when we said our first good-byes—to halls, wardens, Dr's., Mr's., and steam-pipes all nicely discriminated. Monday, May seventeenth, was the day set apart for the last rites and we performed them with the traditional solemnity, keeping to the beaten path except for one break to music Room G, where Scrap laid class meetings and song rehearsals to rest. May Putnam and D. Child made another decided departure in boning their tassels into an erect posture, and their duet closed with the memorable epilogue to: "Derelicts of by-gone days and Dear Relics of dog-gone Bi!" Fannie imploring mercy on the Infirmary steps, Plattie making sly hits at Georgina and Scynty on the Gym steps, Eleanor at her dear library door, Bout, on the senior steps of Taylor and Pleasaunce under the arch—these all fall in line, and with them Miss Thomas, who did not lose this opportunity of pleasing "the ears of the groundlings."

Our appearance in public for the next two weeks was limited to sitting under the trees absorbed in the contemplation of the passing automobile; but the Saturday came at last, we tore up our tabs and rushed down to the brook to play with 1911. Sporting with our Freshmen and the young calves on the green, crowning the Olympian winner, Margery Hoffman, with laurel, we almost forgot what was expected of us in the evening.

The Faculty, however, did not forget, and they came (as the grandstand on the Merion fire escape can testify) to a man. They knew that a reception that Gertrude gave, and where the rest of us received, would be a unique experience, and they were not disappointed. The moon, the lanterns, the oases of furniture sprinkled over the vast expanse—all were arranged with an eye to "the comfort of the guests"; and they rose to the occasion, in fact they refused to be inveigled into chairs. The success of our venture may be shown by the fact that the Faculty seemed to outnumber the Seniors, that Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett circulated freely for an hour, that when Taylor bell rang Dr. Barnes chuckled "aha! the evening is just beginning!" and that the doors had to be kept open until Dr. Barton retired at a quarter of eleven.



The next night the first relay of white waists and skirts, laid by for Commencement Week, filed in to the Baccalaureate sermon. Perhaps, after all, we missed some reference, if not to "bright young faces," then to bright young hopes; but we must not complain of Dean Hodges. He was, as some one said, "splendidly practical, and told us what was good for us."

Commencement rehearsal deserves recording, but let us slip by it only with the remark that Mary Nearing surpassed all former achievements when she stage-managed Miss Thomas, and that the rest of the cast showed more unanimity of opinion on various matters in question than it has been known to on former occasions.

I have tried to put off coming to Class Supper, the last of class reunions in college; but it is next in order, and we can hardly pass by the most enjoyable occasion of the year. Mary Nearing as toast-mistress was flawless; she was, as some one said, "a perfect combination of the sublime and the ridiculous." Although there were subdued moments in the course of the evening when the songs came in to us through the windows, the supper was marked by almost continuous hilarity. If we only called loud enough we got everything we wanted. Frances was a "host in herself" in her toast to the Faculty; Georgina introduced us to the joys of "*Examinations Passed and to Come*"; Plattie and I were "pale, perennial and interesting"; Fannie bravely attempted to do justice to our Dramatics, and it was a heartfelt toast that we drank to "the wasted hours, the ones we love best." After Carlie, Alta, Bout., Barbara, Scrappie, Cynthia, Eleanor and Dorothy had commemorated us, and all our stunts of the past four years had been received, Pleasaunce said the good-bye for all of us. Then we started out in the moonlight for our fir tree by the gymnasium. There we sang as the other classes have done, and as each of us stepped forward and dropped in her penny, the fact that the tree had been chosen by Miss Thomas and planted by Mr. Foley, seemed to make very little difference to us.

The next morning was spent in a vain attempt to invent some startling proposition for the President's luncheon. When the time came, although no bombs were exploded, we did manage to drag in all our petty grievances from Orals to office hours, not to mention Dramatics, athletics, and library privileges. It was fortunate for the equilibrium of some of the speakers that they did not at the time realise that Miss Thomas was hearing them through, watch in hand. For at three Percy Mackay's *Canterbury Pilgrims* was given in the cloister. Though we could



applaud it only with reservations, we were grateful to the Coburn players for helping to while away the time of our family and friends.

At the Bonfire on Tuesday evening, 1909 may be said literally to have gone up "in a blaze of glory." The performance was splendidly lurid from the time when we set out from the arch with our red balloon attachments to the breathless moment when the fire balloons and the Phoenix in its red chariot soared up into the sky. Georgina, backed by the megaphone chorus, heralded the events among which perhaps the most noteworthy were a dance from Pleasaunce "profanely parodied," and a scene from hazing at its worst. We sacrificed on the funeral pyre not only note-books, daisies and baked potatoes, but even our own Phoenix. Not a tear was shed, however, as it smouldered to ashes, for we were just waiting to shout: "Dis bird's gwine rise again." Before we went up the hill again to sing on the steps for the next to last time, we handed down to 1911 the song and cheers that our Juniors had given us, *Amo, Juba*, and *Once more we are gathered together*, and then our own *Audite* and "*Oh, there goes—*"

The morning of Garden Party was not unlike the morning of May Day a month before. On this occasion, however, the sun rose in time for the Varsity game and brought us a victory of 14-2. College breakfast, engineered by Leila Houghteling, ran smoothly and successfully; 1889, 1899, 1904, 1906 and 1908 were all represented. Marjorie Young, who spoke for 1908, echoed the unanimous opinion that "generally speaking, a woman is—generally speaking." Pleasaunce, Mary Nearing and Plattie were our champions in the field, while Georgina followed Myra's new dialogue with the ever-welcome selections from real life.

Everyone says that Garden Party was the prettiest which had ever been seen; if this is so we must thank the lanterns and the moon that followed us so faithfully through that last week. The food was dainty but delicious, and the band played those "old familiar tunes" so dear to our operatic hearts. As for the singing in the evening—we were really surprised at our own performance, and when, at the Alumnæ Banquet the next night, the Senior singing was spoken of by three different people, we felt that it must have impressed others *almost* as much as ourselves. There were serious moments in this last week, but they need not be written down in any Class Book, as each of us remembers them only too clearly for herself. But when the "singing class" gave up the steps to the Juniors, it was a serious moment for everyone of us, for we all felt that the last of our college pleasures was over.



Commencement this year was more than a repetition of former occasions. We did, of course, step up to the platform and down again, we balanced our caps "on the end of our nose," and our families craned their necks to see us "look so white, so white." But besides all this our degrees were conferred in the gymnasium, where the audience could not only see but breathe; and the gallery was draped with branches and an unusually long daisy chain made by the patient Sophomores, who had been supplying us with daisies for the past week. And then—our speaker succeeded in evoking a newspaper scandal that surpassed all the previous ones of the year. For a detailed account I refer you to the daily papers of June third. President Jordan's subject, *War and Mankind*, seemed destined to cause a tumult. When he chose France as an example of the evil after-effects of war, and, after mowing down Napoleon, said with calm assurance that "France stood self-confessed a degenerate nation," the explosion came. It was only M. Foulet, who, after rudely shaking Dr. Leuba and Jessen from his coat tails, denounced the speaker and flung himself out of the room. It sounds simple, but the complex emotions that *It* aroused can be adequately described only by saying that we "felt just like *that!*" Dr. Jordan, after an apology and a rapid glance at the different nationalities among the Faculty, wisely decided to shift the scene of action to Paraguay.

And now we pass over a day and find ourselves at the last class meeting in the Gym at ten o'clock on Friday morning. There we elected the two permanent officers—Frances Browne, President and Secretary; and Alta Stevens, Treasurer. There we voted to publish every play we had ever written regardless of expense or market value; we racked our brains for "further business," and actually felt relieved when it occurred to Alta to ask for more class dues. There was even a burst of untimely merriment when Scynty and Plattie said in a tone of urgent appeal: "We really must do something about the class baby." We adjourned with a vote that we should "sing to-night right after dinner." When we were singing that Friday night on the steps of the Gym looking out at the misty trees, we found ourselves forgetting that, although the four years of unbroken happiness were over, there were still many "golden days to come."

SHIRLEY PUTNAM.







## Class Prophecy

- X—Who is the grewsome graduate with visage gaunt and grim?  
I saw her flitting round the tree that stands before the gym.  
Say, is it D. M. Chow-Chow thus ravaged by Pa Time,  
I find her hard to recognise; I knew her in her prime.
- Y—Oh, see the kittenish “alum;” she’s talking to herself.  
She must be awful lonely and feel upon the shelf.  
It might be Ellie Clifton, from the way she does her hair;  
But where are all her freckles? She’s outgrown them, I declare.
- X—Oh, I’ll venture. Y—Look! She’s speaking. X—Have you seen her? Y—  
Yes, in red.
- BOTH—How nice it is to see you back; I thought that you were dead?
- Y—Well, what have you been doing and what have you to show?
- X—I’m solving social problems,—on the Bulletin, you know.  
And have you spent the last ten years within the ivied walls?
- Y—I’ve chased the slippery A.B. for ten long Springs and Falls.
- X—Then possibly you’ve heard from Pleas and other little fren’s.
- Y—Why, Pleasaunce is a farmer’s wife. She writes me of her hens.  
Well, what’s become of Edith? Is her surname still Adair?
- X—She wed a dapper dry-goods clerk; they’re such a happy pair!  
And what of Fannie Barber of the complicated course?
- Y—She’s giving an elective on “Puffed Rice, Oatmeal and Force.”  
And Boodicoo, has she survived the double ocean trip?
- X—She’s in the prison now for giving customs fees the slip.  
She’s cheered by frequent visitors—M. Goodwin, Julia Doe,  
Helen Brown, Leona Labold, Helen Jurist,—a fine show!
- Y—Well! Aren’t we dramatic, for some other “Nineteen-nine”  
Form a Bijou Dream Stock Company and in melodrama shine.  
May Egan is the juvenile, Mary Allen the soubrette,  
Frances Howard is the manager, and jolly fine, you bet!  
And Reny is the ingenue with voice of De Lagoon,  
And gentle Aristine has vowed she’ll join the company soon.  
Anna Harlan and Kate Branson,—I suppose they’ve writ a tome.
- X—No, they’re in the Coatesville laundry, for they wanted work near home.  
And did you know ’bout Scrappy. In the Dime Museum she’s  
Racing Mattsy and E. Howson in the “Six Day Go’s You Please.”



Y—Well, she couldn't beat May Putnam, for she married a millionaire.  
 He gives her lots of food to eat and lots of clothes to wear,  
 Yes, indeed; she wants for nothing, she need only eat and sleep,  
 With Marianne Moore to laugh for her and Dorothy Miller to weep.  
 Rookie Belleville versed in shorthand—a stenographer at that,  
 Pounds a "Remington" for dear life in a Twenty-third street flat.

X—Helen Scott's a suave book-agent, smooth of tongue and strong of jaw.  
 She exploits a Student's Bible, journeys round from door to door.  
 And Grace Wooldridge, bland and tactful, with the most enchanting smiles,  
 Keeps her customers good tempered by a shopping agent's guiles.

Y—In the wilds of Broad Street Station, Mary Nearing's shouting trains,  
 Of her grand articulation still a fleeting trace remains.  
 Georgina is a Traveller's Aid—with repartee most witty.  
 She entertains young helpless girls and strangers to the city.

X—Mary Herr and Shirley Putnam have the sweetest little skit,  
 Whenever they appear at Keith's, they score a hefty hit.

Y—While Eleanor Bartholomew—for suffrage militant,  
 Manufactures strong invectives against British Parliament.

X—And Barbara with her facile pen draws situations gory  
 In Bulletin and Telegraph supplies the Evening Story.  
 'Tis whispered that she runs to slang unknown to you and me.  
 But come! To change the subject, Mildred Pressinger, how's she?

Y—Why, Milly won a medal for the pluck she once displayed  
 When she saved two mangled Freshmen by the outcry that she made.

X—Judith Boyer's been arrested, no one knows just why or when.

Y—Carlie's teaching Chinese coolies "Dese Bones Gwine to Rise Again."

X—Esther Tennent, Leone Robbie, Marnette Wood, and Ruthie Wade  
 In the wilds of Arizona ride the broncos undismayed.

Y—Alta Stevens is a trustee of the Bryn Mawr National Bank.

X—Cranie kept right on a'climbing, at no risk her brave heart sank.

Y—Platt was flower-girl at a wedding, Skinty was the blushing bride.

BOTH—And all of the rest of the class was there. What could you want beside?

E. CLIFTON, 1909.  
 D. CHILD, 1909.



## What College Can Do for Girls

She comes to college *Jungste Aller Damen* and with *Marks Mighty Good*, from the hands of an *Extraordinarily Fair School-teacher* who *Minds Nothing Arduous* and *Forces Simple Brains* with *Didactic Nonsense* until they are *Mildly Peripatetic*. She *Has Studious Job* of a *Literary Sleep Lover* and, a *Hard-Thinking Girl*, is *Known For Brilliance* and *Marvellous Brains*. She *mourns English Barbarisms* and is *Firm But—Mighty Conscientiously Shy*.

Sophomore year, she feels that she has a *Man's Loud Voice Wasted* and is a *Musical Genius Blighted*. She joins the Glee Club, becoming a *Gleeful Chorister* and an *Alluring Concert Singer* who *Murmurs Charming Madrigals* and *Hushes Boisterous Carollings*. In College dramatics she *Makes Everybody Happy*, appearing successively as a *Graceful Light Waltzer*, skilled in the *Pas de Ballet*, a *Dandy Minstrel Coon* who *Diverts Everyone Melodramatically* with *Cannibal Warwhoop Glorified*, and finally as the *Essential Manager*.

Junior year, where once she *Afforded Lugubrious Witticisms*, she becomes a *Singularly Jocose* and *Merrily Beaming Maiden* and she wears a *Most Eternal Smile* which *Kills Gravity Entirely*. She is *Always Effectually Procrastinating*, *Affects Easy Courses*, and *Joyfully Manufactures Bluffs*. She has *Frequent Candid Fits*, but is beloved for being a *Considerate Waker* though a *Midnight Wanderer*. In the athletic line she *Frantically Hurdles* and has gained the titles of *Cunning Monkey* and *Clear-Minded Wind-Mill*.

Senior year, she *Eloquently Blows Metaphysics* and has a bad case of *Mysticism Painlessly Developed* and *Hindooism Taken Seriously*. She *Has Classical Interests* and from being a *Modestly Enquiring Hellenist* has become known as one who *Just Juggles Greek*. Once *Slightly Priggish*, she now *Handles Doubtful Books* and has developed a gift of *Brilliant Satire*. In short she is a most *Esoteric Damsel* and *Has Deep Reflections*. She has been gradually *Growing Slimmer* and her newest dresses, made in *Mode Parfait*, *Display Infinite Slimness*. But she *Looks Robust*, for she is the *Best Sleeper Ever* and *Eats Anything*. She is *Hopelessly Spick-and-Span* and is noted for her *Most Effective Hats*. Though once she was *Ever Retiring*, she is now an *Itinerant Lively Gallivanter*. She is *More Commonly Remote*,—some say, *Ever Home*, others, *Ever Visiting West Point*. The latter is more probable for she *Likes Juvenile Lovers* and among the *Many Freshmen* Near there is one *Most Engaging* who is *Always Catching Hearts*. As for getting back to lectures she is *Always Elegantly Hurrying*, but invariably *Arrives Post Mortem*. However, she *Ranks Awfully Well* and has a *Mind Clearly Record-breaking*,—in fact, I've heard it said, a *Mind Superhumanly Developed*.

E. CLIFTON, '09.



## Senior Year Athletics

### Tennis

Captain, Marie E. Belleville.

Manager, Isabel Goodnow.

Team for singles, A. Whitney, A. Platt, M. Nearing.

Team for doubles, Whitney and Goodnow, Platt and Nearing, Wooldridge and Belleville.

Championship in interclass doubles won by 1909.

Cynthia Wesson presented a cup for the championship in interclass singles which was won by 1909.

Individual championship held by Annie Whitney.

### Hockey

#### Team

Mary Nearing, Captain

Cynthia Wesson, Manager

E. Clifton

B. Ehlers

J. Doe

F. Browne

L. Robinson

A. Whitney

M. Nearing

B. Spofford

C. Wesson

A. Platt

D. Child

1909 vs. 1912—4-0

1910 vs. 1909—4-1

1909 vs. 1912—7-0

1910 vs. 1909—4-0



### *Varsity*

J. Howell  
M. Kirk  
J. Allen  
M. Worthington  
A. Platt

A. Whitney  
F. Hearne  
C. Wesson  
E. Denison  
K. Rotan

M. Nearing

### **Swimming**

#### *Captains*

E. Faries, '12  
I. Seeds, '11

I. Taber, '10  
G. Biddle, '09

70 ft. front won by G. Biddle, 18 seconds.  
Underwater won by G. Biddle, 117 ft. 3 in.  
Dive for form won by C. Wesson.  
Fancy diving won by C. Wesson.  
Class relay won by 1909.

Greatest number of individual points won by Georgina Biddle.  
Meet won by 1909, with 40 points.

### **Indoor Track**

Katharine Ecob, Captain

Rope climb won by A. Platt, 9 4-5 seconds, record broken.  
Running high jump won by S. Biddle, 4 ft. 3 in.  
Standing high jump won by G. Biddle, 3 ft. 5 in.  
Hop, skip, jump won by C. Wesson, 21 ft. 6 in., record broken.  
Fence Vault won by A. Platt and H. Emerson at 4 ft. 9½ in.  
Meet won by 1909, with 62 points.

### **Outdoor Track**

After Senior finals the first outdoor track meet was held. Although there was no training or practice for the meet, and the contestants wore skirts, several records were broken.

The world's record in the basket-ball throw was won by Anna Platt.



## Basket Ball

A. Platt, Captain

C. Wesson, Manager

### *Team*

M. Belleville  
I. Goodnow  
D. Smith  
A. Stevens  
C. Wesson

K. Ecob  
A. Platt  
M. Nearing  
C. Goodale  
B. Ehlers

1909 vs. 1911—13-6  
1909 vs. 1911— 4-5  
1909 vs. 1911—12-2

1909 vs. 1910—10-6  
1909 vs. 1910— 7-6

### *Varsity*

I. Goodnow  
J. Allen  
H. Emerson  
E. Denison

F. Hearne  
R. Rotan  
L. Houghteling  
A. Platt, Captain

C. Wesson

Alumnae-Varsity game won by Varsity—14-2.







## L'Envoi

Early dawns the day of parting;  
Years, like shadows flown away,  
Carry with them our departing  
Comrades known through work and play.  
When but dimly we remember  
Rippling ivy on the Tower,  
Or the moon—a dying ember—  
We shall not forget the hour  
When we sang with all our heart,—  
“Here’s to you before we part.”

SHIRLEY PUTNAM.



## Class Addresses

- 1 EDITH ADAIR, 1648 N. Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
2 MARY NORTON ALLEN, 2 Forest Avenue, Worcester, Mass.  
3 MARGARET AMES, 501 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.  
4 PLEASAUNCE BAKER, Zellwood, Fla.  
5 FLORENCE BALLIN, 26 W. Seventy-fifth Street, New York City, N. Y.  
6 FANNIE SKEER BARBER, Mauch Chunk, Pa.  
7 MARY ELEANOR BARTHOLOMEW, Clark's Hill, Ind.  
8 MARIE ELIZABETH BELLVILLE, 620 Maple Lane, Sewickley, Pa.  
9 MARIA GEORGINA BIDDLE, 2017 De Lancey Place, Philadelphia, Pa.  
10 MARGARET BONTECOU, 150 Highland Avenue, Orange, N. J.  
11 JUDITH McCUTCHEON BOYER, 217 Mahantongo Street, Pottsville, Pa.  
12 ERMA BRANDENSTEIN, care of Mr. M. J. Brandenstein, Spear and Mission Streets,  
San Francisco, Cal.  
KATHARINE FLEMING BRANSON, 114 Main Street, Coatesville, Pa.  
EDITH DOANE BROWN, 96 Washington Square, Salem, Mass.  
14 HELEN DALTON BROWN, 400 N. State Street, Chicago, Ill.  
15 FRANCES BROWNE, care of Mr. L. L. Browne, 2 Rector Street, New York City,  
N. Y.  
16 DOROTHY MARTIN CHILD, McKean Avenue, Germantown, Pa.  
17 ANNA ELEANOR CLIFTON, 3218 Vernon Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
18 GERTRUDE CONGDON, 1427 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Ill.  
MARGARET COOKSEY, care 102 Produce Exchange Building, New York City, N. Y.  
19 HELEN BOND CRANE, 242 Hoffman Street W., Baltimore, Md.  
20 MARGARET SIDNER DILLIN, Radnor, Pa.  
21 JULIA ADRIENNE DOE, Oconomowoc, Wis.  
22 ELISE DONALDSON, Relay P. O., Baltimore County, Md.  
MARGARET DOOLITTLE, Upper Darby, Pa.  
HELEN PRENTISS DUNN, 6941 Thomas Boulevard, Pittsburg, Pa.  
25 MILDRED PAULINE DURAND, Southampton, Pa.



- KATHARINE GILBERT ECOB, 100 Sanford Avenue, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.  
MAY EGAN, Amboy, Ill.  
BERTHA SOPHIE EHLERS, 3227 N. Seventeenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
FRANCES CANBY FERRIS, 151 Horter Street, Germantown, Pa.  
KATHARINE GANNON, 567 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
HELEN TURNBULL GILROY, 2314 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
JESSIE JAY GILROY, 1701 Master Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
31 CATHARINE WARREN GOODALE, Waialua, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands.  
32 ISABEL LYALL GOODNOW, 46 Riverside Drive, New York City, N. Y.  
33 MARY MERRICK GOODWIN, 3927 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
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LYDIA HAINES, 216 E. Thirteenth Street, Indianapolis, Ind.  
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36 PAULA HENZE, 269 Field Avenue, Detroit, Mich.  
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40 JULIA MCHENRY HOWARD, 919 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.  
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MARGARET ELIZABETH HUDSON, 2111 W. Beck Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
42 HELEN CHRISMAN IREY, 608 S. High Street, West Chester, Pa.  
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- 58 ANNA ESTELLE PLATT, 1109 N. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
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- 60 MAY PUTNAM, care of P. Putnam Sons, 27 W. Twenty-third Street, New York City, N. Y.
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- MILDRED SATTERLEE, Pittsford, N. Y.
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- HELEN TOWNSEND SCOTT, care of Townsend, Scott & Co., Fayette Street, Baltimore, Md.
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- MYRA SKINNER, Station A, Lincoln, Neb.
- 71 DOROTHY INGALLS SMITH, 4725 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.



- LOUISE E. SMITH, 840 Clay Avenue, Scranton, Pa.  
EMILY SOLIS-COHEN, 1525 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
72 BARBARA SPOFFORD, 155 W. Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, N. Y.  
73 HILDA SPRAGUESMITH, 29 W. Sixty-eighth Street, New York City, N. Y.  
74 ALTA CORNELIA STEVENS, The Kenwood, Forty-seventh Street, Chicago, Ill.  
JANET STORRS, Scranton, Pa.  
GLADYS STOUT, 2025 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.  
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EMILY F. WHITNEY, Vineyard Haven, Mass.  
MARNETTE WOOD, 1022 Central Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.  
88 GRACE LA PIERRE WOOLDRIDGE, 1709 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

#### ERRATA.

MARGARET DOOLITTLE should read HILDA DOOLITTLE.

HELEN MARGUERITE RAMSEY should read EMILY YOCUM RAMSEY.





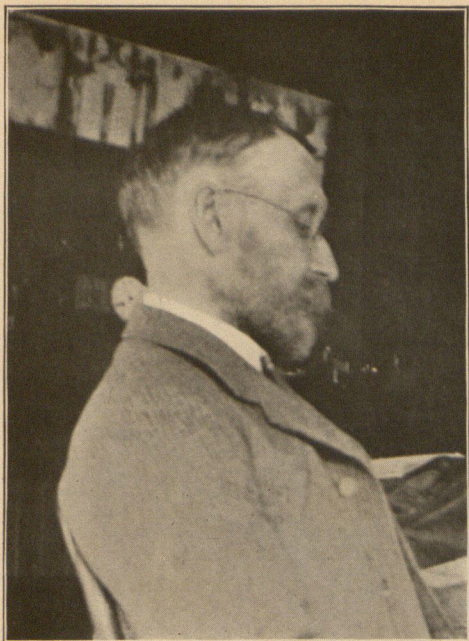




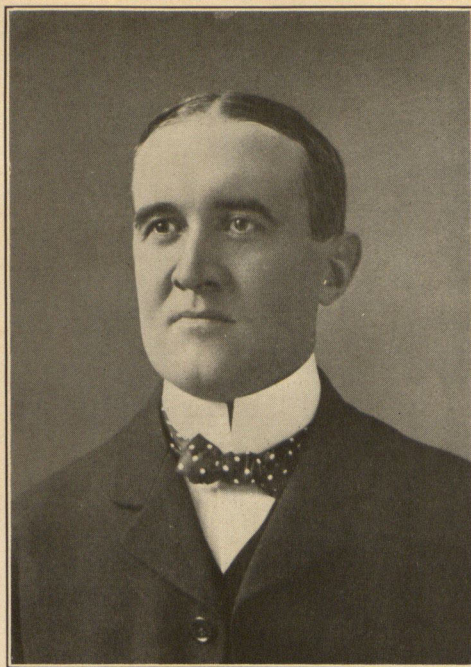








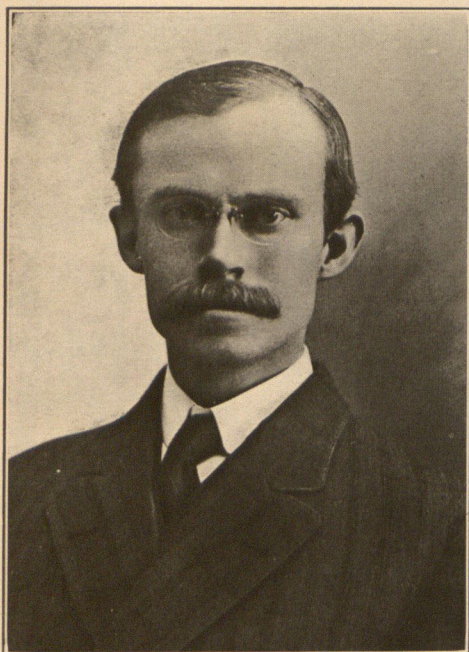
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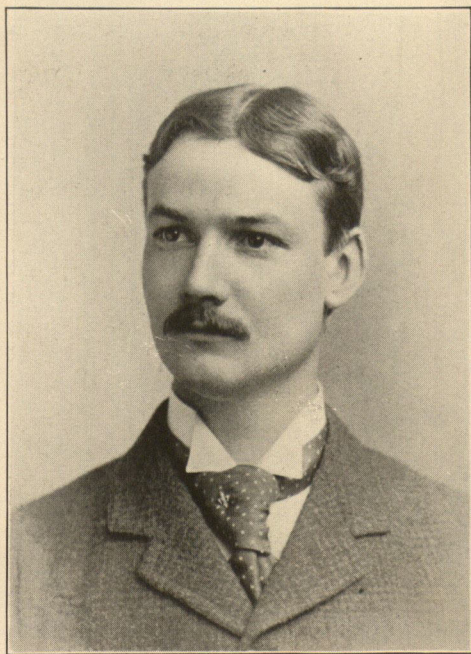


MARIAN REILLY.



ISABEL MADDISON.

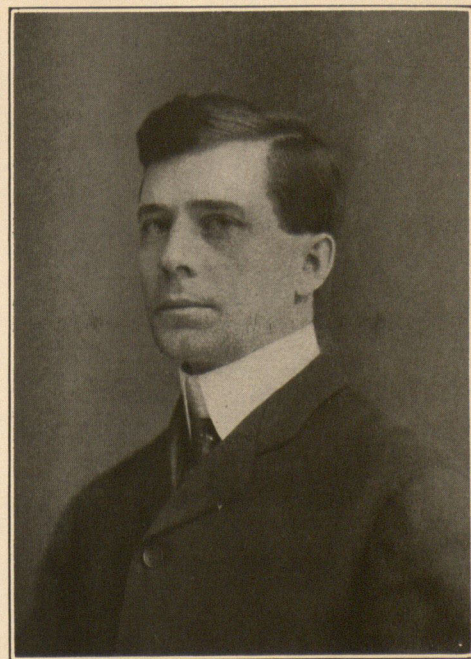




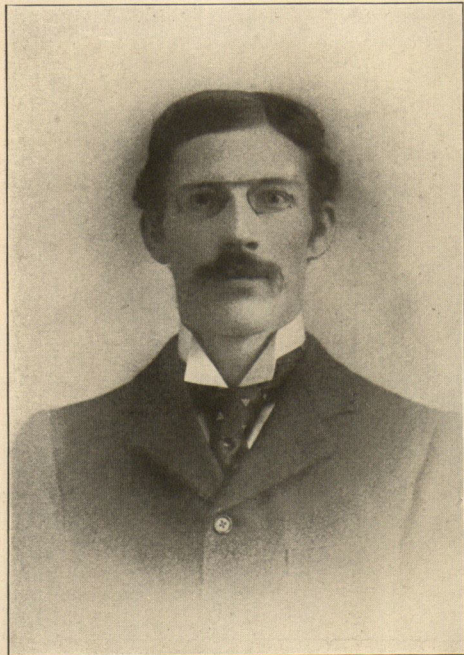
CHARLES M. ANDREWS.



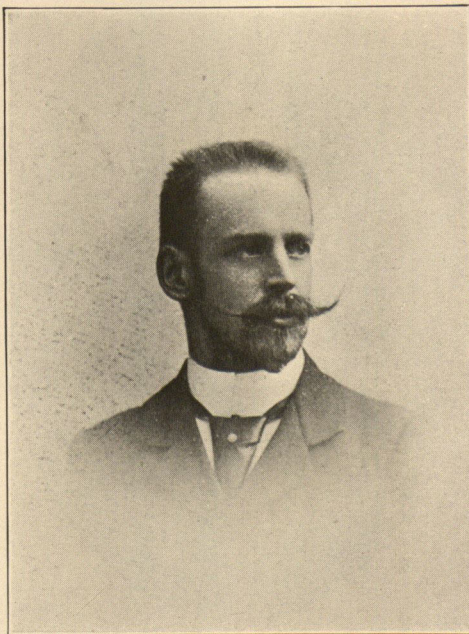
ANNA BELLE LAWThER.



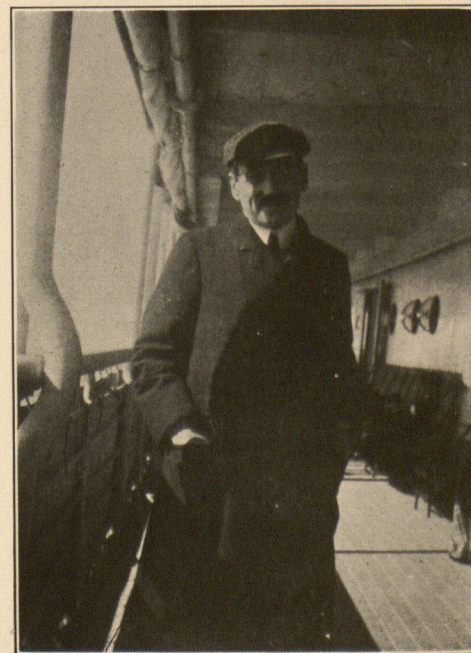
DAVID TENNANT.



LUCIEN FOULET.



ALBERT SCHINZ.

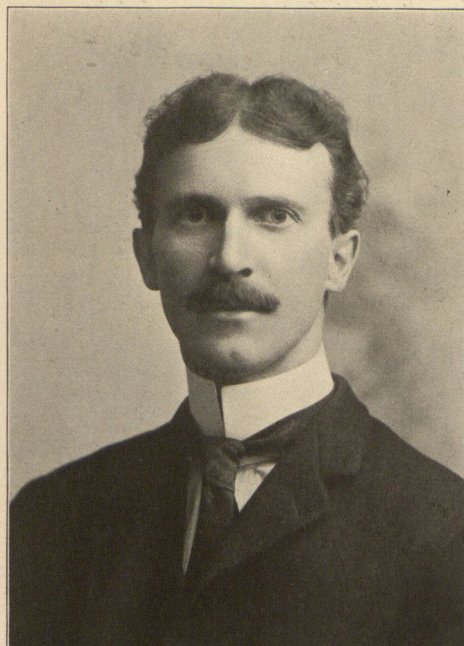


DAVID IRONS.

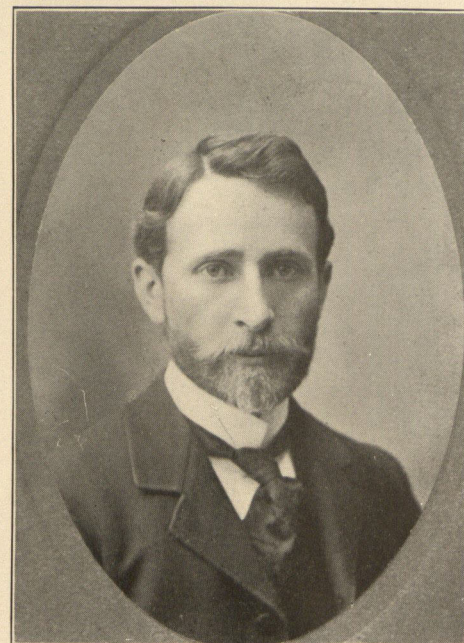




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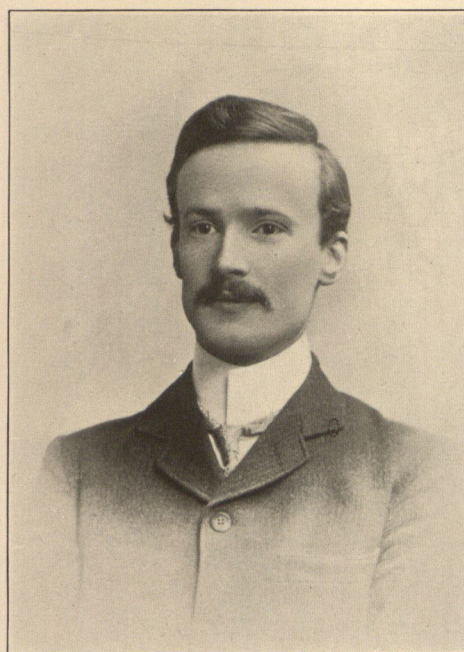
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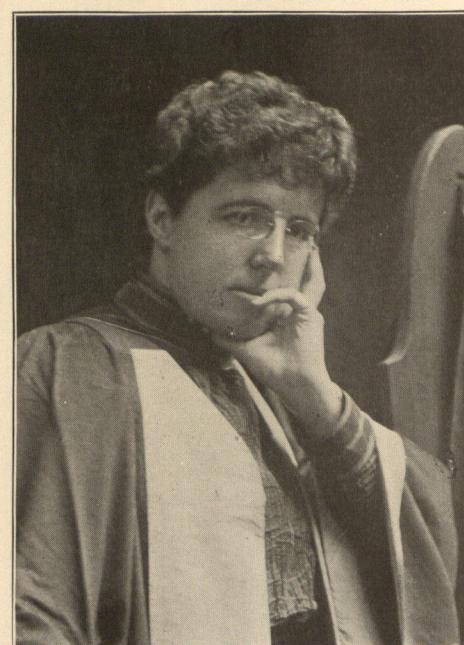
JAMES H. LEUBA.



CLARENCE E. FERREE.

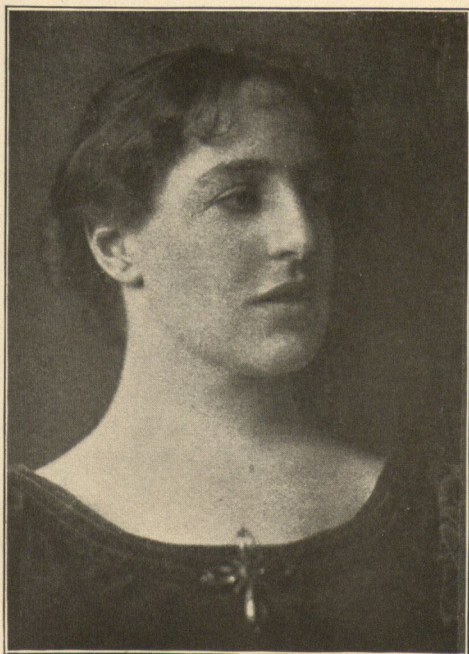


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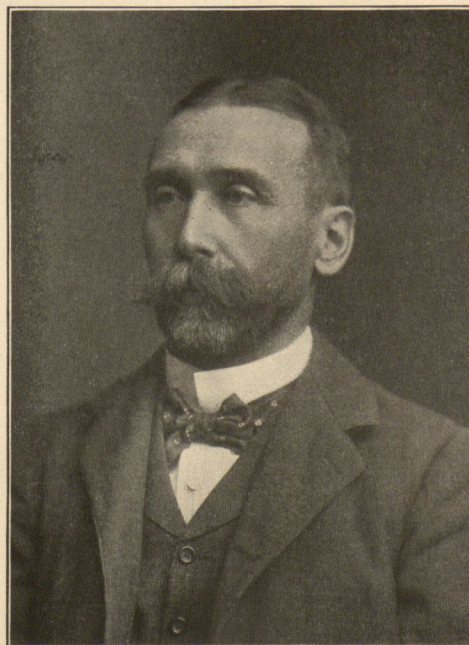


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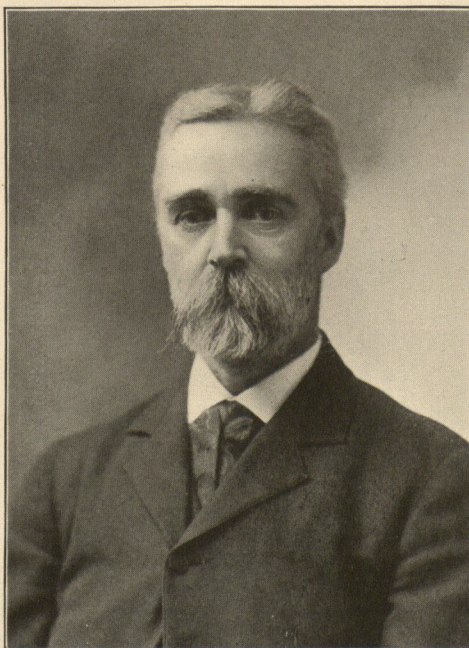
WILMER FRANCE WRIGHT.



HERMANN COLLITZ.



CARL JESSEN.



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HELEN STRONG HOYT.



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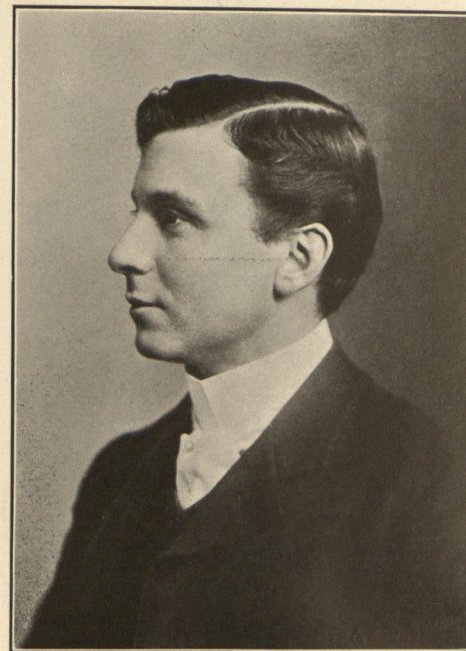




CLARENCE CARROLL CLARK.



M. KATHARINE JACKSON.



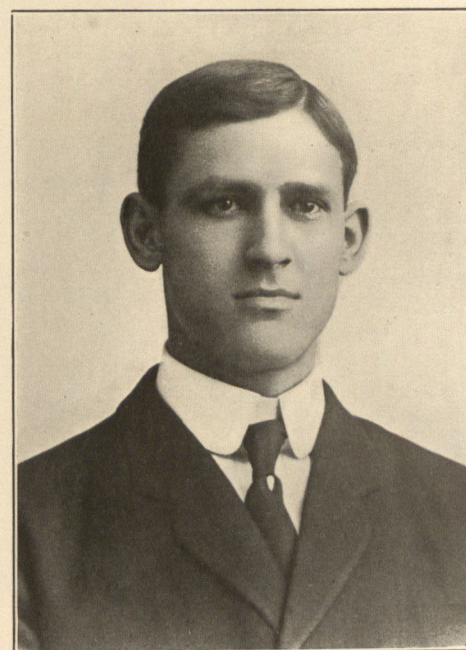
SAMUEL ARTHUR KING.



FLORENCE BASCOM.

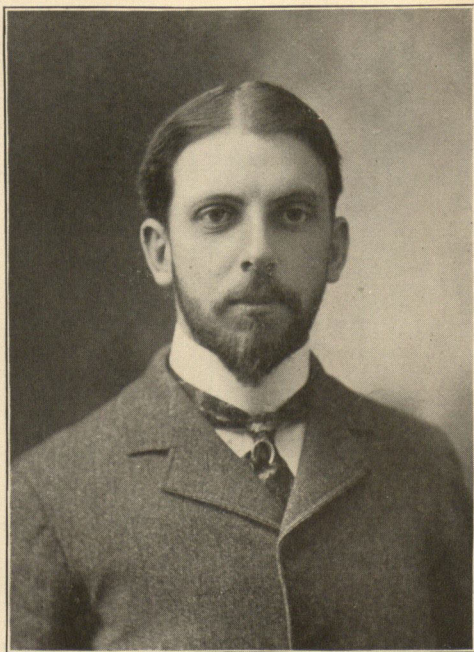


BENJAMIN LE ROY MILLER.

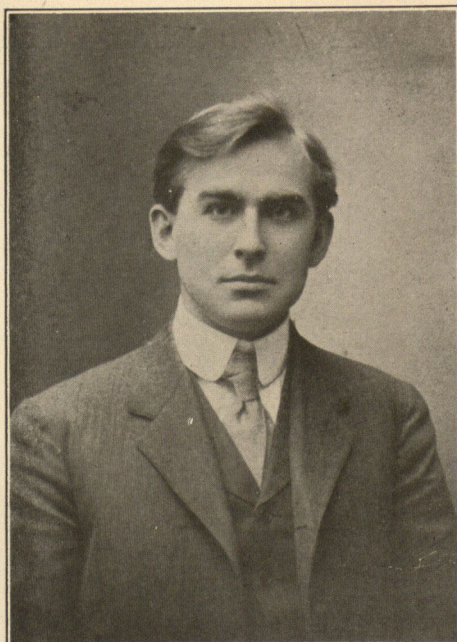


CHESTER A. REED.





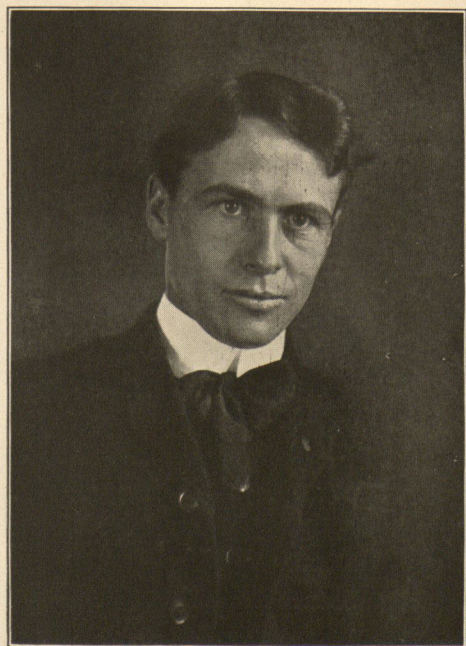
ARTHUR LESLIE WHEELER.



TENNEY FRANK.



CAROLINE LOUISE RANSOM.



HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY.

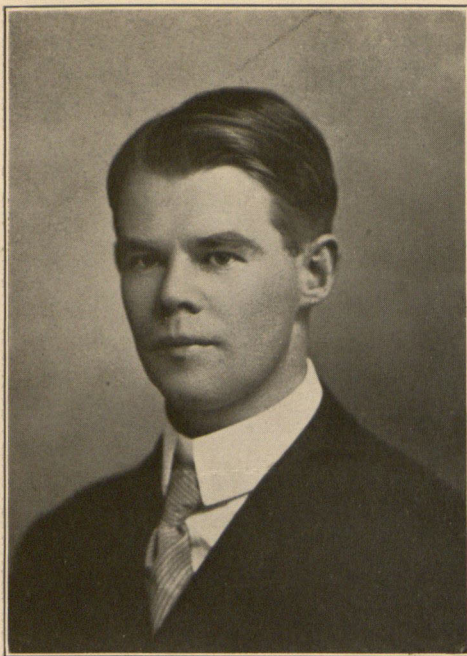


CHARLES A. WILLIAMSON.



W. ROY SMITH.

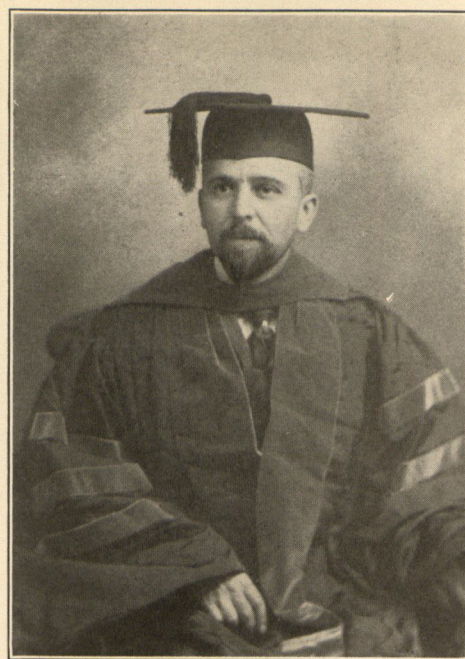




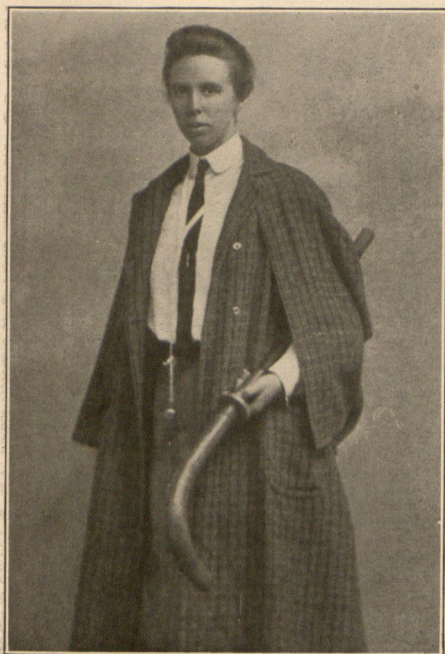
JAMES BARNES.



DAVID W. HORN.



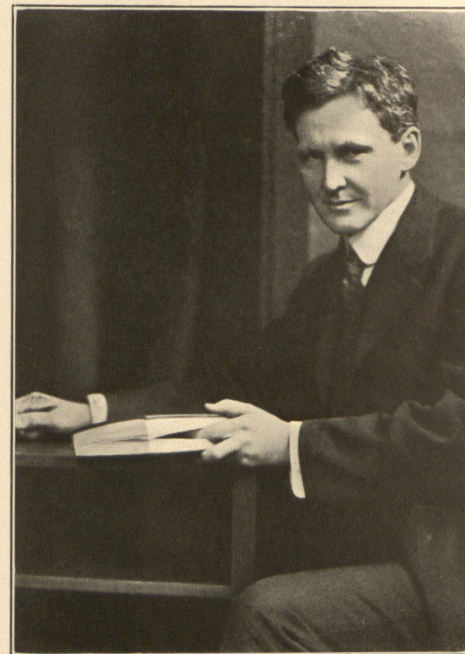
RICHARD THAYER HOLBROOK.



CONSTANCE M. K. APPLEBEE.



MARY L. JONES.



WILLIAM B. HUFF.  
Photo by Elias Goldensky.









Margaret Bontrou



Margaret Dillin



Helen Rumrill.



Nellie Wade.



Mary Goodwin



Katharine Branson





Bertha Ehlers



Pleasance Baker



H. E. Cob



Georgina Biddle



Leath





Mary Nearey



Emma White



Katherine Goodale



Helen Lrey





Eleanor Clifton



Marie Bellville



Dorothy Child



Mildred Durand



~~Mildred Durand~~



Emily Hanson





Celeste Webb



Anna Harlan



Antoinette Hearn





Barbara Hoofford



Frances Brown



Leona Robinson



Helen Crane







Fannie Barber



Edith Adair



Cynthia Benson

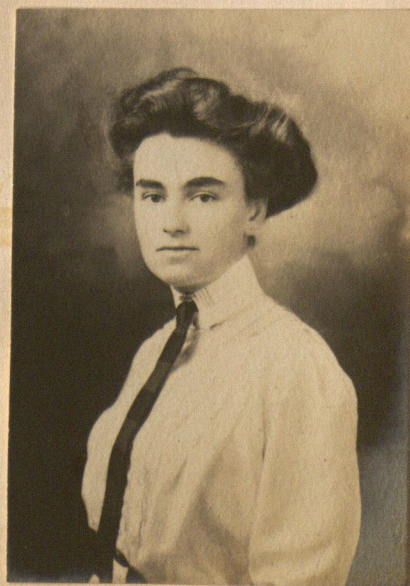


Mildred Pressinger





*Cardine Minor*



























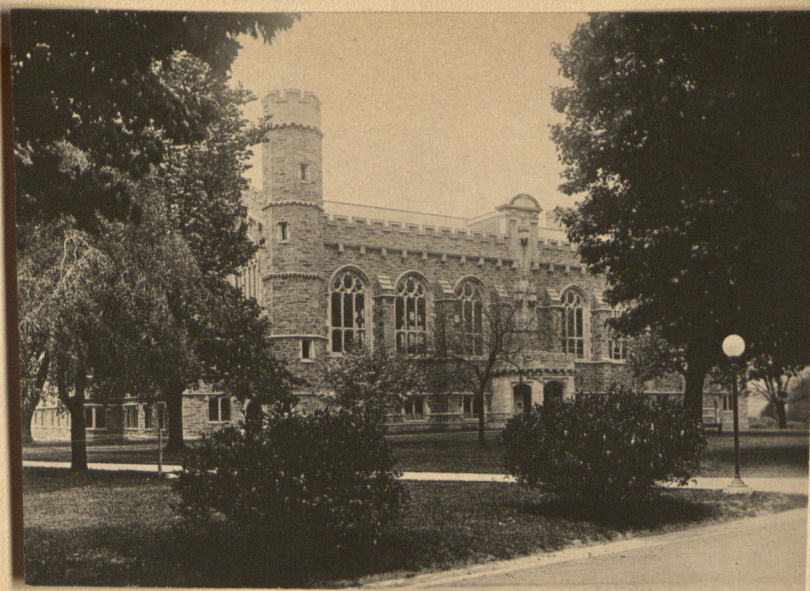
























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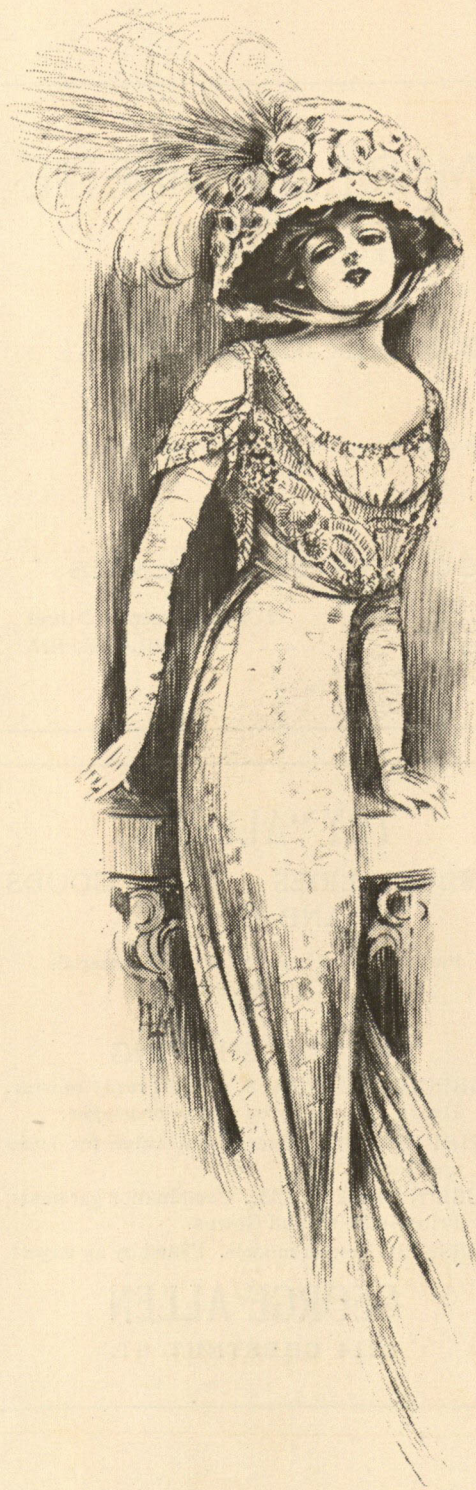
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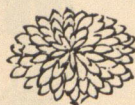
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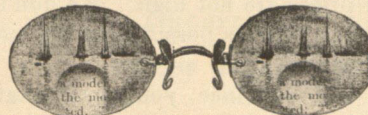
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